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THE

WHOLE BOOK

OF

PSALMS,

IN METRE;

WITH

HYMNS,

SUITED TO THE

FEASTS AND FASTS OF THE CHURCH,

AND

OTHER OCCASIONS

OF

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

STEREOTYPED AT THE
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1828.

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By the Bishops, the Clergy, and the Laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, in Convention, this 13th day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine;—

THIS translation of *The Whole Book of Psalms* into Metre, with *Hymns*, is set forth, and allowed to be sung in all Congregations of the said Church, before and after Morning and Evening Prayer, and also before and after Sermons, at the discretion of the Minister.

And it shall be the duty of every Minister of any Church, either by standing directions, or from time to time, to appoint the Portions of Psalms which are to be sung.

And, further, it shall be the duty of every Minister, with such assistance as he can obtain from persons skilled in music, to give order concerning the tunes to be sung, at any time, in his Church; and, especially, it shall be his duty to suppress all light and unseemly music, and all indecency and irreverence in the performance; by which vain and ungodly persons profane the service of the sanctuary.

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THE

PSALMS OF DAVID,

IN METRE.

PSALM 1.

1 HOW blessed is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk;

2 But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

3 Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
We still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

4 Ungodly men, and their attempts,
No lasting root shall find;
Untimely blasted, and dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.

5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face;
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among the saints have place.

6 For God approves the just man's ways;
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM 2.

1 WITH restless and ungoverned rage
Why do the heathen storm?
Why in such rash attempts engage
As they can ne'er perform?

PSALM 2.

2 The great in counsel and in might
Their various forces bring;
Against the Lord they all unite,
And his anointed King.

3 "Must we submit to their commands?"
Presumptuously they say:
"No; let us break their slavish bands,
"And cast their chains away."

4 But God, who sits enthroned on high,
And sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring strength defy,
And mocks their vain design.

5 Thick clouds of wrath divine shall break
On his rebellious foes;
And thus will he in thunder speak
To all that dare oppose:

6 "Though madly you dispute my will,
"The King that I ordain,
"Whose throne is fixed on Sion's hill,
"Shall there securely reign."

7 Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontrolled decree:
"Thou art my Son; this day, my heir,
"Have I begotten thee.

8 "Ask, and receive thy full demands;
"Thine shall the heathen be;
"The utmost limits of the lands
"Shall be possessed by thee.

9 "Thy threatening sceptre thou shalt shake,
"And crush them every where,
"As massy bars of iron break
"The potter's brittle ware."

10 Learn then, ye princes; and give ear,
Ye judges of the earth;
11 Worship the Lord with holy fear;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

12 Appease the Son with due respect,
Your timely homage pay,
Lest he revenge the bold neglect,
Incensed by your delay.

13 If but in part his anger rise,
Who can endure the flame?

PSALM 3, 4.

Then blessed are they, whose hope relies
On his most holy name.

PSALM 3.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
The troublers of my peace!
And, as their numbers hourly rise,
So does their rage increase.

2 Insulting, they my soul upbraid,
And him whom I adore;
"The God in whom he trusts," say they,
"Shall rescue him no more."

3 But thou, O Lord, art my Defence;
On thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my Glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

4 Since, whensoe'er, in like distress,
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from his holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

5 Guarded by him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I, through him, securely sleep,
Through him in safety wake.

6 No force nor fury of my foes
My courage shall confound,
Were they as many hosts as men,
That have beset me round.

7 Arise, and save me, O my God,
Who oft hast owned my cause,
And scattered oft these foes to me
And to thy righteous laws.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs;
He only can defend;
His blessings he extends to all
That on his power depend.

PSALM 4.

1 O LORD, thou art my righteous Judge;
To my complaint give ear;
Thou still redeem'st me from distress;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

PSALM 5.

2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
To blot my fame devise ?
How long your vain designs pursue,
And spread malicious lies ?

3 Consider that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice ;
And, when to him I make my prayer,
He always hears my voice.

4 Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee every thing that's ill,
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

5 The place of other sacrifice
Let righteousness supply ;
And let your hope, securely fixed,
On God alone rely.

6 While worldly minds impatient grow
More prosperous times to see,
Still let the glories of thy face
Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

7 So shall my heart o'erflow with joy,
More lasting and more true,
Than theirs, who stores of corn and wine
Successively renew.

8 Then down in peace I'll lay my head,
And take my needful rest;
No other guard, O Lord, I crave,
Of thy defence possessed.

PSALM 5.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret prayer;
2 To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.

3 Thou, in the morn, my voice shalt hear,
And, with the dawning day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

4 For thou the wrongs that I sustain
Canst never, Lord, approve ;
Who from thy sacred dwelling-place
All evil dost remove.

5 Not long shall stubborn fools remain
Unpunished in thy view;
All such as act unrighteous things
Thy vengeance shall pursue.

6 The slandering tongue, O God of truth,
By thee shall be destroyed,
Who hat'st alike the man in blood
And in deceit employed.

7 But when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy loved courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly thee adore.

8 Conduct me by thy righteous laws;
For watchful is my foe;
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the way
Wherein I ought to go.

9 Their mouth vents nothing but deceit;
Their heart is set on wrong;
Their throat is a devouring grave;
They flatter with their tongue.

10 By their own counsels let them fall,
Oppressed with loads of sin;
For they against thy righteous laws
Have hardened rebels been.

11 But let all those who trust in thee
With shouts their joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,
And all that love thy name.

12 To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessing will extend,
And with his favour all his saints,
As with a shield, defend.

PSALM 6.

1 THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain,
And spare a wretch forlorn;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.

2 Have mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones,
Which thou alone canst cure.

PSALM 7.

3 My tortured flesh distracts my mind,
And fills my soul with grief;
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief?

4 Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul;
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.

5 For, after death, no more can I
Thy glorious acts proclaim;
No prisoner of the silent grave
Can magnify thy name.

6 Quite tired with pain, with groaning faint,
No hope of ease I see;
The night, that quiets common griefs,
Is spent in tears by me.

7 My beauty fades, my sight grows dim,
My eyes with weakness close,
Old age o'ertakes me, whilst I think
On my insulting foes.

8 Depart, ye wicked; in my wrongs
Ye shall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my tears,
And listens to my voice.

9, 10 He hears and grants my humble prayer
And they that wish my fall
Shall blush and rage to see that God
Protects me from them all.

PSALM 7.

1 O LORD, my God, since I have placed
My trust alone in thee,
From all my persecutors' rage
Do thou deliver me.

2 To save me from my threatening foe,
Lord, interpose thy power;
Lest, like a savage lion, he
My helpless soul devour.

3, 4 If I am guilty, or did e'er
Against his peace combine;
Nay, if I had not spared his life,
Who sought unjustly mine;

5 Let, then, to persecuting foes
My soul become a prey;
Let them to earth tread down my life,
In dust my honour lay.

6 Arise, and let thine anger, Lord,
In my defence engage;
Exalt thyself above my foes,
And their insulting rage:

Awake, awake, in my behalf
The judgment to dispense,
Which thou hast righteously ordained
For injured innocence.

7 So to thy throne adoring crowds
Shall still for justice fly:
O! therefore, for their sake, resume
Thy judgment seat on high.

8 Impartial Judge of all the world,
I trust my cause to thee;
According to my just deserts,
So let thy sentence be.

9 Let wicked arts and wicked men
Together be o'erthrown;
But guard the just, thou God, to whom
The hearts of both are known.

10, 11 God me protects, not only me,
But all of upright heart;
And daily lays up wrath for those,
Who from his laws depart.

12 If they persist, he whets his sword,
His bow stands ready bent;
13 Even now, with swift destruction winged,
His pointed shafts are sent.

14 The plots are fruitless which my foe
Unjustly did conceive;
15 The pit he digged for me has proved
His own untimely grave.

16 On his own head his spite returns,
Whilst I from harm am free;
On him the violence is fallen,
Which he designed for me.

17 Therefore will I the righteous ways
Of Providence proclaim;

PSALM 8, 9.

I'll sing the praise of God most high,
And celebrate his name.

PSALM 8.

1 O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

In heaven thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
2 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and thine oppose.

3 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight;
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

4 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

5 Him next in power thou didst create
To thy celestial train;
6 Ordained, with dignity and state,
O'er all thy works to reign.

7 They jointly own his powerful sway,—
The beasts that prey or graze,
8 The bird that wings its airy way,
The fish that cuts the seas.

9 O thou, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!

PSALM 9.

1 TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

2 The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring,
Whilst to thy name, O thou Most High,
Triumphant praise I sing.

3 Thou mad'st my haughty foes to turn
Their backs in shameful flight:
Struck with thy presence, down they fell;
They perished at thy sight.

4 Against insulting foes advanced,
Thou didst my cause maintain;
My right asserting from thy throne,
Where truth and justice reign.

5 The insolence of heathen pride
Thou hast reduced to shame;
Their wicked offspring quite destroyed,
And blotted out their name.

6 Mistaken foes, your haughty threats
Are to a period come;
Our city stands, which you designed
To make our common tomb.

7, 8 The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepared,
Impartial justice to dispense,
To punish or reward.

9 God is a constant, sure Defence
Against oppressing rage;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

10 All those who have his goodness proved
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

11 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Zion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God.

PART II.

12 When he inquiry makes for blood,
He'll call the poor to mind:
The injured humble man's complaint
Relief from him shall find.

13 Take pity on my troubles, Lord,
Which spiteful foes create,
Thou that hast rescued me so oft
From death's devouring gate.

14 In Sion, then, I'll sing thy praise
To all that love thy name;
And, with loud shouts of grateful joy,
Thy saving power proclaim.

15 Deep in the pit they digged for me,
The heathen pride is laid;
Their guilty feet to their own snare
Are heedlessly betrayed.

16 Thus, by the just returns he makes,
The mighty Lord is known;
While wicked men, by their own plots,
Are shamefully o'erthrown.

17 No single sinner shall escape,
By privacy obscured;
Nor nation, from his just revenge,
By numbers be secured.

18 His suffering saints, when most distressed,
He ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations shall be crowned,
Though for a time delayed.

19 Arise, O Lord, assert thy power,
And let not man o'ercome;
Descend to judgment, and pronounce
The guilty heathen's doom.

20 Strike terror through the nations round,
Till, by consenting fear,
They to each other, and themselves,
But mortal men appear.

PSALM 10.

1 THY presence why withdraw'st thou, Lord?
Why hid'st thou now thy face,
When dismal times of deep distress
Call for thy wonted grace?

2 The wicked, swelled with lawless pride,
Have made the poor their prey;
O let them fall by those designs
Which they for others lay.

3 For straight they triumph, if success
Their thriving crimes attend;
And sordid wretches, whom God hates,
Perversely they commend.

4 To own a power above themselves,
Their haughty pride disdains;
And, therefore, in their stubborn mind,
No thought of God remains.

5 Oppressive methods they pursue,
And all their foes they slight;
Because thy judgments, unobserved,
Are far above their sight.

6 They fondly think their prosperous state
Shall unmolested be;
They think their vain designs shall thrive,
From all misfortunes free.

7 Vain and deceitful is their speech,
With curses filled, and lies,
By which the mischief of their heart
They study to disguise.

8 Near public roads they lie concealed,
And all their art employ,
The innocent and poor at once
To rifle and destroy.

9 Not lions, couching in their dens,
Surprise their heedless prey
With greater cunning, or express
More savage rage than they.

10 Sometimes they act the harmless man,
And modest looks they wear,
That, so deceived, the poor may less
Their sudden onset fear.

PART II.

11 For God, they think, no notice takes
Of their unrighteous deeds;
He never minds the suffering poor,
Nor their oppression heeds.

12 But thou, O Lord, at length arise,
Stretch forth thy mighty arm,
And, by the greatness of thy power,
Defend the poor from harm.

PSALM 11.

13 No longer let the wicked vaunt,
And, proudly boasting, say,
"Tush; God regards not what we do;
"He never will repay."

14 But sure thou seest, and all their deeds
Impartially dost try;
The orphan, therefore, and the poor,
On thee for aid rely.

15 Defenceless let the wicked fall,
Of all their strength bereft;
Confound, O God, their dark designs,
Till no remains are left.

16 Assert thy just dominion, Lord,
Which shall for ever stand,
Thou, who the heathen didst expel
From this thy chosen land.

17 Thou hear'st the humble supplicants
That to thy throne repair;
Thou first prepar'st their hearts to pray,
And then accept'st their prayer.

18 Thou, in thy righteous judgment, weigh'st
The fatherless and poor,
That so the tyrants of the earth
May persecute no more.

PSALM 11.

1 SINCE I have placed my trust in God,
A Refuge always nigh,
Why should I, like a timorous bird,
To distant mountains fly?

2 Behold, the wicked bend their bow,
And ready fix their dart,
Lurking in ambush to destroy
The men of upright heart.

3 When once the firm assurance fails,
Which public faith imparts,
'Tis time for innocence to fly
From such deceitful arts.

4 The Lord hath both a temple here,
And righteous throne above;
Where he surveys the sons of men,
And how their councils move.

PSALM 12.

5 If God the righteous, whom he loves,
For trial does correct,
What must the sons of violence,
Whom he abhors, expect?

6 Snares, fire, and brimstone, on their heads
Shall in one tempest shower;
This dreadful mixture his revenge
Into their cup shall pour.

7 The righteous Lord will righteous deeds
With signal favour grace,
And to the upright man disclose
The brightness of his face.

PSALM 12.

1 SINCE godly men decay, O Lord,
Do thou my cause defend;
For scarce these wretched times afford
One just and faithful friend.

2 One neighbour now can scarce believe
What t'other does impart;
With flattering lips they all deceive,
And with a double heart.

3 But lips that with deceit abound
Can never prosper long;
God's righteous vengeance will confound
The proud, blaspheming tongue.

4 In vain those foolish boasters say,
"Our tongues are sure our own;
"With doubtful words we'll still betray,
"And be controlled by none."

5 For God, who hears the suffering poor,
And their oppression knows,
Will soon arise, and give them rest,
In spite of all their foes.

6 The word of God shall still abide,
And void of falsehood be,
As is the silver, seven times tried,
From drossy mixture free.

7 The promise of his aiding grace
Shall reach its purposed end;
His servants from this faithless race
He ever shall defend.

8 Then shall the wicked be perplexed,
Nor know which way to fly;
When those, whom they despised and vexed,
Shall be advanced on high.

PSALM 13.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord?
Must I for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
O! never to return?

2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
And grief my heart oppress?
How long my enemies insult,
And I have no redress?

3 O! hear, and to my longing eyes
Restore thy wonted light;
And suddenly, or I shall sleep
In everlasting night.

4 Restore me, lest they proudly boast
'Twas their own strength o'ercame;
Permit not them that vex my soul
To triumph in my shame.

5 Since I have always placed my trust
Beneath thy mercy's wing,
Thy saving health will come; and then
My heart with joy shall spring.

6 Then shall my song, with praise inspired,
To thee, my God, ascend,
Who, to thy servant in distress,
Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM 14.

1 SURE wicked fools must needs suppose,
That God is nothing but a name;
Corrupt and lewd their practice grows;
No breast is warmed with holy flame.

2 The Lord looked down from heaven's high tower,
And all the sons of men did view,
To see if any owned his power;
If any truth or justice knew.

3 But all, he saw, were gone aside;
All were degenerate grown and base;

None took religion for their guide,
Not one of all the sinful race.

4 But can these workers of deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like bread, my people eat,
And God's almighty power disown?

5 How will they tremble, then, for fear,
When his just wrath shall them o'ertake?
For, to the righteous, God is near,
And never will their cause forsake.

6 Ill men, in vain, with scorn expose
Those methods which the good pursue;
Since God a Refuge is for those
Whom his just eyes with favour view.

7 Would he his saving power employ
To break his people's servile band,
Then shouts of universal joy
Should loudly echo through the land.

PSALM 15.

1 LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blessed courts repair,
Not, stranger-like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

2 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves,
Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves:

3 Who never did a slander forge,
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whispered round:

4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, though clothed in rags,
Religiously respect:

5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, though he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good:

6 Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasure to employ:

Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.

7 The man, who, by his steady course,
Has happiness ensured,
When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secured.

PSALM 16.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
And shield me, Lord, from harm;
Because my trust I still repose
On thy almighty arm.

2 My soul all help but thine does slight,
All gods but thee disown;
Yet can no deeds of mine requite
The goodness thou hast shown.

3 But those that strictly virtuous are,
And love the thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
Shall be my chief delight.

4 How shall their sorrows be increased,
Who other gods adore!
Their bloody offerings I detest,
Their very names abhor.

5 My lot is fallen in that blessed land
Where God is truly known;
He fills my cup with liberal hand,
'Tis he supports my throne.

6 In nature's most delightful scene
My happy portion lies;
The place of my appointed reign
All other lands outvies.

7 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And private counsels still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.

8 I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

9 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice;

PSALM 17.

My flesh shall rest, in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice.

10 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy One, in death,
The least corruption see.

11 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
Which to thy presence lead,
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM 17.

1 TO my just plea and sad complaint
Attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my prayer, as 'tis unfeigned,
A gracious ear afford.

2 As in thy sight I am approved,
So let my sentence be;
And with impartial eyes, O Lord,
My upright dealing see.

3 For thou hast searched my heart by day,
And visited by night;
And, on the strictest trial, found,
Its secret motions right.

Nor shall thy justice, Lord, alone
My heart's designs acquit;
For I have purposed that my tongue
Shall no offence commit.

4 I know what wicked men would do,
Their safety to maintain;
But me thy just and mild commands
From bloody paths restrain.

5 That I may still, in spite of wrongs,
My innocence secure,
O guide me in thy righteous ways,
And make my footsteps sure.

6 Since, heretofore, I ne'er in vain
To thee my prayer addressed,
O! now, my God, incline thine ear
To this my just request.

7 The wonders of thy truth and love
In my defence engage,

PSALM 18.

Thou, whose right hand preserves thy saints
From their oppressors' rage.

PART II.

8, 9 O! keep me in thy tenderest care;
Thy sheltering wings stretch out,
To guard me safe from savage foes,
That compass me about.

10 O'ergrown with luxury, enclosed
In their own fat, they lie,
And, with a proud, blaspheming mouth,
Both God and man defy.

11 Well may they boast, for they have now
My paths encompassed round;
Their eyes at watch, their bodies bowed,
And couching on the ground;

12 In posture of a lion set,
When greedy of his prey,
Or a young lion, when he lurks
Within a covert way.

13 Arise, O Lord; defeat their plots,
Their swelling rage control;
From wicked men, who are thy sword,
Deliver thou my soul;—

14 From worldly men, thy sharpest scourge,
Whose portion's here below,
Who, filled with earthly stores, aspire
No other bliss to know.

15 Their race is numerous, that partake
Their substance while they live;
Their heirs survive, to whom they may
The vast remainder give.

16 But I, in uprightness, thy face
Shall view without control,
And, waking, shall its image find
Reflected in my soul.

PSALM 18.

1 NO change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my Rock,
A Fortress and Defence to me.

PSALM 18.

2 Thou my Deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tower.

3 To thee I will address my prayer,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

4, 5 By floods of wicked men distressed,
With seas of sorrow compassed round,
With dire infernal pangs oppressed,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound;—

6 To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan,
Who graciously inclined his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

PART II.

7 When God arose my part to take,
The conscious earth was struck with fear;
The hills did at his presence shake,
Nor could his dreadful fury bear.

8 Thick clouds of smoke, dispersed abroad,
Ensigns of wrath, before him came;
Devouring fire around him glowed,
That coals were kindled at its flame.

9 He left the beauteous realms of light,
Whilst heaven bowed down its awful head;
Beneath his feet substantial night
Was, like a sable carpet, spread.

10 The chariot of the King of kings,
Which active troops of angels drew,
On a strong tempest's rapid wings,
With most amazing swiftness, flew.

11, 12 Black watery mists and clouds conspired
With thickest shades his face to veil;
But at his brightness soon retired,
And fell in showers of fire and hail.

13 Through heaven's wide arch a thundering peal
God's angry voice did loudly roar,.
While earth's sad face with heaps of hail
And flakes of fire was covered o'er.

14 His sharpened arrows round he threw,
Which made his scattered foes retreat;
Like darts his nimble lightnings flew,
And quickly finished their defeat.

15 The deep its secret stores disclosed,
The world's foundations naked lay,
By his avenging wrath exposed,
Which fiercely raged that dreadful day.

PART III.

16 The Lord did on my side engage;
From heaven, his throne, my cause upheld;
And snatched me from the furious rage
Of threatening waves, that proudly swelled.

17 God his resistless power employed
My strongest foes' attempts to break,
Who else with ease had soon destroyed
The weak defence that I could make.

18 Their subtle rage had near prevailed,
When I distressed and friendless lay;
But still, when other succours failed,
God was my firm Support and Stay.

19 From dangers that enclosed me round,
He brought me forth, and set me free;
For some just cause his goodness found,
That moved him to delight in me.

20 Because in me no guilt remains,
God does his gracious help extend:
My hands are free from bloody stains;
Therefore the Lord is still my friend.

21, 22 For I his judgments kept in sight,
In his just paths I always trod,
I never did his statutes slight,
Nor loosely wandered from my God.

23, 24 But still my soul, sincere and pure,
Did even from darling sins refrain;
His favours therefore yet endure,
Because my heart and hands are clean.

PART IV.

25, 26 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human-kind;

They who for mercy merit praise
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.

Thou to the just shalt justice show;
The pure thy purity shall see;
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

27, 28 That he the humble soul will save,
And crush the haughty's boasted might,
In me the Lord an instance gave,
Whose darkness he has turned to light.

29 On his firm succour I relied,
And did o'er numerous foes prevail;
Nor feared, whilst he was on my side,
The best defended walls to scale.

30 For God's designs shall still succeed;
His word will bear the utmost test;
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.

31 Who, then, deserves to be adored,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

PART V.

32, 33 'Tis God that girds my armour on,
And all my just designs fulfils;
Through him my feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest hills.

34 Lessons of war from him I take,
And manly weapons learn to wield;
Strong bows of steel with ease I break,
Forced by my stronger arms to yield.

35 The buckler of his saving health,
Protects me from assaulting foes;
His hand sustains me still; my wealth
And greatness from his bounty flows.

36 My goings he enlarged abroad,
Till then to narrow paths confined;
And, when in slippery ways I trod,
The method of my steps designed.

37 Through him I numerous hosts defeat,
And flying squadrons captive take,

Nor from my fierce pursuit retreat,
Till I a final conquest make.

38 Covered with wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquished heads again to rear;
Spite of their boasted strength, they lie
Beneath my feet, and grovel there.

39 God, when fresh armies take the field,
Recruits my strength, my courage warms;
He makes my strong opposers yield,
Subdued by my prevailing arms.

40 Through him the necks of prostrate foes
My conquering feet in triumph press;
Aided by him, I root out those
Who hate and envy my success.

41 With loud complaints all friends they tried,
But none was able to defend;
At length to God for help they cried,
But God would no assistance lend.

42 Like flying dust, which winds pursue,
Their broken troops I scattered round;
Their slaughtered bodies forth I threw,
Like loathsome dirt, that clogs the ground.

PART VI.

43 Our factious tribes, at strife till now,
By God's appointment me obey;
The heathen to my sceptre bow,
And foreign nations own my sway.

44 Remotest realms their homage send,
When my successful name they hear;
Strangers for my commands attend,
Charmed with respect, or awed by fear.

45 All to my summons tamely yield,
Or soon in battle are dismayed;
For stronger holds they quit the field,
And still, in strongest holds, afraid.

46 Let the eternal Lord be praised,
The Rock, on whose defence I rest!
To highest heavens his name be raised,
Who me with his salvation blessed!

47 'Tis God that still supports my right;
His just revenge my foes pursues;

'Tis he that, with resistless might,
Fierce nations to my yoke subdues.

48 My universal Safeguard he!
From whom my lasting honours flow;
He made me great, and set me free
From my remorseless, bloody foe.

49 Therefore, to celebrate his fame,
My grateful voice to heaven I'll raise;
And nations, strangers to his name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his praise:

50 "God to his King deliverance sends,
"Shows his Anointed signal grace,
"His mercy evermore extends
"To David and his promised race."

PSALM 19.

1 THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

2 The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings,
And, from the dark returns of night,
Divine instruction springs.

3 Their powerful language to no realm
Or region is confined;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
Through earth's extent display,
Whose bright contents the circling sun
Does round the world convey.

5 No bridegroom, on his nuptial day,
Has such a cheerful face;
No giant does like him rejoice
To run his glorious race.

6 From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes,
And, through his progress, cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PART II.

7 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires;

8 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight;
His pure commands in search of truth
Assist the feeblest sight.

9 His perfect worship here is fixed,
On sure foundations laid;
His equal laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weighed;

10 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refined with skill;
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

11 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

12 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all!

13 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me;
That, by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.

14 So shall my prayer and praises be
With thy acceptance blessed,
And I, secure, on thy defence,
My Strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM 20.

1 THE Lord to thy request attend,
And hear thee in distress;
The name of Jacob's God defend,
And grant thy arms success;—

PSALM 21.

2 To aid thee from on high repair,
And strength from Sion give;
3 Remember all thy offerings there,
Thy sacrifice receive;—

4 To compass thy own heart's desire,
Thy counsels still direct;
Make kindly all events conspire
To bring them to effect.

5 To thy salvation, Lord, for aid
We cheerfully repair,
With banners in thy name displayed;
"The Lord accept thy prayer."

6 Our hopes are fixed, that now the Lord
Our sovereign will defend;
From heaven resistless aid afford,
And to his prayer attend.

7 Some trust in steeds for war designed,
On chariots some rely;
Against them all we'll call to mind
The power of God most high.

8 But, from their steeds and chariots thrown,
Behold them through the plain,
Disordered, broke, and trampled down,
Whilst firm our troops remain.

9 Still save us, Lord, and still proceed
Our rightful cause to bless;
Hear, King of heaven, in times of need,
The prayers that we address.

PSALM 21.

1 THE king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
Shall in thy strength rejoice;
With thy salvation crowned, shall raise
To heaven his cheerful voice.

2 For thou, whate'er his lips request
Not only dost impart,
But hast, with thy acceptance, blessed
The wishes of his heart.

3 Thy goodness and thy tender care
Have all his hopes outgone;
A crown of gold thou mad'st him wear,
And sett'st it firmly on.

4 He prayed for life; and thou, O Lord,
Didst to his prayer attend,
And graciously to him afford
A life that ne'er shall end.

5 Thy sure defence through nations round
Has spread his glorious name,
And his successful actions crowned
With majesty and fame.

6 Eternal blessings thou bestow'st,
And mak'st his joys increase,
Whilst thou to him unclouded show'st
The brightness of thy face.

PART II.

7 Because the king on God alone
For timely aid relies,
His mercy still supports his throne,
And all his wants supplies.

8 But, righteous Lord, thy stubborn foes
Shall feel thy heavy hand;
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
That hate thy mild command.

9 When thou against them dost engage,
Thy just but dreadful doom
Shall, like a glowing oven's rage,
Their hopes and them consume.

10 Nor shall thy furious anger cease,
Or with their ruin end,
But root out all their guilty race,
And to their seed extend.

11 For all their thoughts were set on ill,
Their hearts on malice bent;
But thou with watchful care didst still
The ill effects prevent.

12 While they their swift retreat shall make
To 'scape thy dreadful might,
Thy swifter arrows shall o'ertake,
And gall them in their flight.

13 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous strength disclose,
And thus exalt thy fame,
Whilst we glad songs of praise compose
To thy almighty name.

PSALM 22.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with anguish faint?
O! why so far from me removed
And from my loud complaint?

2 All day, but all the day unheard,
To thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.

3 Yet thou art still the righteous Judge
Of innocence oppressed,
And therefore Israel's praises are
Of right to thee addressed.

4, 5 On thee our ancestors relied,
And thy deliverance found;
With pious confidence they prayed,
And with success were crowned.

6 But I am treated like a worm,
Like none of human birth;
Not only by the great reviled,
But made the rabble's mirth.

7 With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey;
They shoot the lip, they shake the head,
And thus, deriding, say:—

8 "In God he trusted, boasting oft
"That he was Heaven's delight;
"Let God come down to save him now,
"And own his favourite."

PART II.

9 Thou mad'st my teeming mother's womb
A living offspring bear;
When but a suckling at the breast,
I was thy early care.

10 Thou, guardian-like, didst shield from wrongs
My helpless infant days;
And since hast been my God, and Guide,
Through life's bewildered ways.

11 Withdraw not, then, so far from me,
When trouble is so nigh;

O send me help! thy help, on which
I only can rely.

12 High-pampered bulls, a frowning herd,
From Basan's forest met,
With strength proportioned to their rage,
Have me around beset.

13 They gape on me, and every mouth
A yawning grave appears;
The desert lion's savage roar
Less dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14 My blood like water 's spilled; my joints
Are racked and out of frame;
My heart dissolves within my breast,
Like wax before the flame.

15 My strength, like potter's earth, is parched
My tongue cleaves to my jaws;
And to the silent shades of death
My fainting soul withdraws.

16 Like blood-hounds, to surround me, they
In packed assemblies meet:
They pierced my inoffensive hands;
They pierced my harmless feet.

17 My body 's racked, till all my bones
Distinctly may be told;
Yet such a spectacle of wo
As pastime they behold.

18 As spoil, my garments they divide,
Lots for my vesture cast;
19 Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength,
And to my succour haste.

20 From their sharp swords protect thou me,
Of all but life bereft;
Nor let my darling in the power
Of cruel dogs be left.

21 To save me from the lion's jaws,
Thy present succour send;
As once, from goring unicorns,
Thou didst my life defend.

22 Then to my brethren I'll declare
The triumphs of thy name;

In presence of assembled saints
Thy glory thus proclaim :—

23 "Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
"All you of Israel's line,
"O praise the Lord, and to your praise
"Sincere obedience join.

24 "He ne'er disdained on low distress
"To cast a gracious eye ;
"Nor turned from poverty his face,
"But hears its humble cry."

PART IV.

25 Thus, in thy sacred courts, will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of thy saints, perform
The vows of my distress.

26 The meek companions of my grief
Shall find my table spread,
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.

27 Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay,
And scattered nations of the earth
One sovereign Lord obey.

28 'Tis his supreme prerogative
O'er subject kings to reign ;
'Tis just that he should rule the world,
Who does the world sustain.

29 The rich, who are with plenty fed,
His bounty must confess ;
The sons of want, by him relieved,
Their generous Patron bless.

With humble worship, to his throne
They all for aid resort ;
That Power, which first their beings gave,
Can only them support.

30, 31 Then shall a chosen, spotless race,
Devoted to his name,
To their admiring heirs his truth,
And glorious acts, proclaim.

PSALM 23.

1 THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

3 He does my wandering soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

4 I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

5 In presence of my spiteful foe
He does my table spread;
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,
With oil anoints my head.

6 Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM 24.

1 THE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
The Lord's her fulness is;
The world, and they that dwell therein,
By sovereign right, are his.

2 He framed and fixed it on the seas,
And his almighty hand,
Upon inconstant floods, has made
The stable fabric stand.

3 But for himself, this Lord of all
One chosen seat designed;
O! who shall to that sacred hill
Deserved admittance find?

4 The man, whose hands and heart are pure,
Whose thoughts from pride are free,

Who honest poverty prefers
To gainful perjury.

5 This, this is he, on whom the Lord
Shall shower his blessings down;
Whom God, his Saviour, shall vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

6 Such is the race of saints, by whom
The sacred courts are trod,
And such the proselytes, that seek
The face of Jacob's God.

7 Erect your heads, eternal gates;
Unfold, to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes,
With his celestial train.

8 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord, for strength renowned;
In battle mighty; o'er his foes
Eternal victor crowned.

9 Erect your heads, ye gates; unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory: see! he comes,
With all his shining train.

10 Who is the King of glory? who?
The Lord of hosts renowned:
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

PSALM 25.

1, 2 TO God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice;
O! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.

3 Those who on thee rely
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.

4, 5 To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.

6 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord, recall to mind;

And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.

7 Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee;
And, for thy wondrous goodness' sake,
In mercy think on me.

8 His mercy, and his truth,
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wandering sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

9 He those in justice guides,
Who his direction seek;
And in his sacred paths shall lead
The humble and the meek.

10 Through all the ways of God
Both truth and mercy shine,
To such as, with religious hearts,
To his blessed will incline.

PART II.

11 Since mercy is the grace,
That most exalts thy fame,
Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
And so advance thy name.

12 Whoe'er, with humble fear,
To God his duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
In all his righteous ways.

13 His quiet soul with peace
Shall be for ever blessed,
And by his numerous race the land
Successively possessed.

14 For God to all his saints
His secret will imparts,
And does his gracious covenant write
In their obedient hearts.

15 To him I lift my eyes,
And wait his timely aid,
Who breaks the strong and treacherous snare
Which for my feet was laid.

16 O! turn, and all my griefs,
In mercy, Lord, redress;

For I am compassed round with woes,
And plunged in deep distress.

17 The sorrows of my heart
To mighty sums increase;
O! from this dark and dismal state
My troubled soul release!

18 Do thou, with tender eyes,
My sad afflictions see;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my guilt
Entirely set me free.

19 Consider, Lord, my foes,
How vast their numbers grow;
What lawless force and rage they use,
What boundless hate they show!

20 Protect, and set my soul
From their fierce malice free;
Nor let me be ashamed, who place
My steadfast trust in thee.

21 Let all my righteous acts
To full perfection rise,
Because my firm and constant hope
On thee alone relies.

22 To Israel's chosen race
Continue ever kind,
And, in the midst of all their wants,
Let them thy succour find.

PSALM 26.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord, for I the paths
Of righteousness have trod;
I cannot fail, who all my trust
Repose on thee, my God.

2, 3 Search thou my heart, whose innocence
Will shine the more 'tis tried;
For I have kept thy grace in view,
And made thy truth my guide.

4 I never for companions took
The idle or profane;
No hypocrite, with all his arts,
Could e'er my friendship gain.

5 I hate the busy plotting crew,
Who make distracted times;

And shun their wicked company,
As I avoid their crimes.

6 I'll wash my hands in innocence,
And bring a heart so pure,
That, when thy altar I approach,
My welcome shall secure.

7, 8 My thanks I'll publish there, and tell
How thy renown excels;
That seat affords me most delight,
In which thy honour dwells.

9 Pass not on me the sinners' doom,
Who murder make their trade;
10 Who others' rights, by secret bribes,
Or open force, invade.

11 But I will walk in paths of truth,
And innocence pursue:
Protect me, therefore, and to me
Thy mercies, Lord, renew.

12 In spite of all assaulting foes,
I still maintain my ground,
And shall survive among thy saints,
Thy praises to resound.

PSALM 27.

1 WHOM should I fear, since God to me
Is saving Health and Light?
Since strongly he my life supports,
What can my soul affright?

2 With fierce intent my flesh to tear,
When foes beset me round,
They stumbled, and their haughty crests
Were made to strike the ground.

3 Through him my heart, undaunted, dares
With mighty hosts to cope;
Through him, in doubtful straits of war,
For good success I hope.

4 Henceforth, within his house to dwell
I earnestly desire,
His wondrous beauty there to view,
And of his will inquire.

5 For there I may with comfort rest,
In times of deep distress;

And safe, as on a rock, abide
In that secure recess :—

6 Whilst God o'er all my haughty foes
My lofty head shall raise,
And I my joyful tribute bring,
With grateful songs of praise.

PART II.

7 Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.

8 When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise,
" Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

9 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.

10 Though all my friends, and kindred too,
Their helpless charge forsake,
Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
Wilt care and pity take.

11 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord,
My ways directly guide,
Lest envious men, who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.

12 Lord, disappoint my cruel foes;
Defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying lips, and bloody hands,
Against my peace conspire.

13 I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crowned,
Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
With sorrow compassed round.

14 God's time with patient faith expect,
Who will inspire thy breast
With inward strength: do thou thy part,
And leave to him the rest.

PSALM 28.

1 O LORD, my Rock, to thee I cry,
In sighs consume my breath;
O! answer, or I shall become
Like those that sleep in death.

2 Regard my supplication, Lord,
The cries that I repeat,
With weeping eyes, and lifted hands,
Before thy mercy-seat.

3 Let me escape the sinners' doom,
Who make a trade of ill,
And ever speak the person fair,
Whose blood they mean to spill.

4 According to their crimes' extent,
Let justice have its course;
Relentless be to them, as they
Have sinned without remorse.

5 Since they the works of God despise,
Nor will his grace adore,
His wrath shall utterly destroy,
And build them up no more.

6 But I, with due acknowledgment,
His praises will resound,
From whom the cries of my distress
A gracious answer found.

7 My heart its confidence reposed
In God, my Strength and Shield;
In him I trusted, and returned
Triumphant from the field.

As he hath made my joys complete,
'Tis just that I should raise
The cheerful tribute of my thanks,
And thus resound his praise:—

8 "His aiding power supports the troops,
"That my just cause maintain:
"'Twas he advanced me to the throne;
"'Tis he secures my reign."

9 Preserve thy chosen, and proceed
Thine heritage to bless;
With plenty prosper them in peace;
In battle, with success.

PSALM 29.

1 YE princes, that in might excel,
Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
God's glorious actions loudly tell,
His wondrous power to all declare.

2 To his great name fresh altars raise;
Devoutly due respect afford;
Him in his holy temple praise,
Where he's with solemn state adored.

3 'Tis he that, with amazing noise,
The watery clouds in sunder breaks;
The ocean trembles at his voice,
When he from heaven in thunder speaks.

4, 5 How full of power his voice appears!
With what majestic terror crowned!
Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
And strews their scattered branches round.

6 They, and the hills on which they grow,
Are sometimes hurried far away,
And leap, like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.

7, 8 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
And scattered flames of lightning sends,
The forest nods, the desert quakes,
And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

9 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts' dark coverts bare;
While those that to his courts belong
Securely sing his praises there.

10, 11 God rules the angry floods on high;
His boundless sway shall never cease;
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM 30.

1 I'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who didst thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

2, 3 In my distress I cried to thee,
Who kindly didst relieve,

And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

4 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth
And providential care.

5 His wrath has but a moment's reign,
His favour no decay;
Your night of grief is recompensed
With joy's returning day.

6 But I, in prosperous days, presumed;
No sudden change I feared;
Whilst, in my sunshine of success,
No lowering cloud appeared.

7 But soon I found thy favour, Lord,
My empire's only trust;
For, when thou hidd'st thy face, I saw
My honour laid in dust.

8 Then, as I vainly had presumed,
My error I confessed;
And thus, with supplicating voice,
Thy mercy's throne addressed:—

9 "What profit is there in my blood,
"Congealed by death's cold night?
"Can silent ashes speak thy praise,
"Thy wondrous truth recite?

10 "Hear me, O Lord, in mercy hear;
"Thy wonted aid extend;
"Do thou send help, on whom alone
"I can for help depend."

11 'Tis done! thou hast my mournful scene
To songs and dances turned;
Invested me with robes of state,
Who late in sackcloth mourned.

12 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
Thy praise in grateful verse;
And, as thy favours endless are,
Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM 31.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in thee;

As just and righteous is thy name,
From danger set me free.

2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do thou my steadfast Rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

3 Since thou, when foes oppress,
My Rock and Fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress,
Thy wonted help impart.

4 Release me from the snare,
Which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God, my Strength, repair
To thee alone for aid.

5 To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth,)
I willingly resign.

6 All vain designs I hate
Of those that trust in lies;
And still my soul, in every state,
To God for succour flies.

PART II.

7 Those mercies thou hast shown,
I'll cheerfully express;
For thou hast seen my straits, and known
My soul in deep distress.

8 When Keilah's treacherous race
Did all my strength enclose,
Thou gav'st my feet a larger space,
To shun my watchful foes.

9 Thy mercy, Lord, display,
And hear my just complaint;
For both my soul and flesh decay,
With grief and hunger faint.

10 Sad thoughts my life oppress;
My years are spent in groans;
My sins have made my strength decrease,
And e'en consumed my bones.

11 My foes my sufferings mocked;
My neighbours did upbraid;

My friends, at sight of me, were shocked,
And fled, as men dismayed.

12 Forsook by all am I,
As dead, and out of mind;
And like a shattered vessel lie,
Whose parts can ne'er be joined.

13 Yet slanderous words they speak,
And seem my power to dread,
Whilst they together counsel take,
My guiltless blood to shed.

14 But still my steadfast trust
I on thy help repose:
That thou, my God, art good and just,
My soul with comfort knows.

PART III.

15 Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all;
Then, Lord, thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

16 The brightness of thy face
To me, O Lord, disclose;
And, as thy mercies still increase,
Preserve me from my foes.

17 Me from dishonour save,
Who still have called on thee;
Let that, and silence in the grave,
The sinner's portion be.

18 Do thou their tongues restrain,
Whose breath in lies is spent;
Who false reports, with proud disdain,
Against the righteous vent.

19 How great thy mercies are
To such as fear thy name,
Which thou, for those that trust thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim!

20 Thou keep'st them in thy sight,
From proud oppressors free;
From tongues that do in strife delight,
They are preserved by thee.

21 With glory and renown
God's name be ever blessed;

Whose love, in Keilah's well-fenced town,
Was wondrously expressed.

22 I said, in hasty flight,
"I'm banished from thine eyes;"
Yet still thou kept'st me in thy sight,
And heard'st my earnest cries.

23 O! all ye saints, the Lord
With eager love pursue;
Who to the just will help afford,
And give the proud their due.

24 Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed;
For he will still your hearts supply
With strength, in time of need.

PSALM 32.

1 HE's blessed whose sins have pardon gained,
No more in judgment to appear;
2 Whose guilt remission has obtained,
And whose repentance is sincere.

3 While I concealed the fretting sore,
My bones consumed without relief;
All day did I with anguish roar,
But no complaints assuaged my grief.

4 Heavy on me thy hand remained,
By day and night alike distressed,
Till quite of vital moisture drained,
Like land with summer's drought oppressed.

5 No sooner I my wound disclosed,
The guilt that tortured me within,
But thy forgiveness interposed,
And mercy's healing balm poured in.

6 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found;
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drowned.

7 Thy favour, Lord, in all distress,
My tower of refuge I must own;
Thou shalt my haughty foes suppress,
And me with songs of triumph crown.

8 In my instruction, then, confide,
Ye that would truth's safe path descry;

Your progress I'll securely guide,
And keep you in my watchful eye.

9 Submit yourselves to wisdom's rule,
Like men that reason have attained;
Not like the ungoverned horse and mule,
Whose fury must be curbed and reined.

10 Sorrows on sorrows multiplied,
The hardened sinner shall confound;
But them who in his truth confide,
Blessings of mercy shall surround.

11 His saints, that have performed his laws,
Their life in triumph shall employ;
Let them, as they alone have cause,
In grateful raptures shout for joy.

PSALM 33.

1 LET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

2, 3 Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet;
And new made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

4, 5 For faithful is the word of God;
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves; and all the earth
Is with his goodness crowned.

6 By his Almighty Word, at first,
The heavenly arch was reared;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appeared.

7 The swelling floods, together rolled,
He makes in heaps to lie,
And lays, as in a store-house safe,
The watery treasures by.

8, 9 Let earth, and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand;
For, when he spake the word, 'twas made;
'Twas fixed at his command.

10 He, when the heathen closely plot,
Their counsels undermines;

His wisdom ineffectual makes
The people's rash designs.

11 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

PART II.

12 How happy, then, are they, to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the world besides,
Has chosen for his own!

13, 14, 15 He all the nations of the earth,
From heaven, his throne, surveyed;
He saw their works, and viewed their thoughts;
By him their hearts were made.

16 17 No king is safe by numerous hosts;
Their strength the strong deceives;
No managed horse, by force or speed,
His warlike rider saves.

18, 19 'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death; their want,
In time of dearth, supplies.

20, 21 Our soul on God with patience waits;
Our Help and Shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

22 The riches of thy mercy, Lord
Do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM 34.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

3 O! magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name:
4 When in distress to him I called,
He to my rescue came.

5 Their drooping hearts were soon refreshed,
Who looked to him for aid;
Desired success in every face
A cheerful air displayed.

6 "Behold," say they, "behold the man,
"Whom Providence relieved;
"The man so dangerously beset,
"So wondrously retrieved!"

7 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succour trust.

8 O! make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blessed they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

9 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.

10 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their needs supplied.

PART II.

11 Approach, ye piously disposed,
And my instruction hear;
I'll teach you the true discipline
Of his religious fear.

12 Let him who length of life desires,
And prosperous days would see,
13 From slandering language keep his tongue,
His lips from falsehood free;—

14 The crooked paths of vice decline,
And virtue's ways pursue;
Establish peace where 'tis begun,
And where 'tis lost, renew.

15 The Lord from heaven beholds the just
With favourable eyes;
And, when distressed, his gracious ear
Is open to their cries;—

16 But turns his wrathful look on those
Whom mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the earth
Blot out their hated name.

17 Deliverance to his saints he gives
When his relief they crave;
18 He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.

19 The wicked oft, but still in vain,
Against the just conspire;
20 For, under their affliction's weight,
He keeps their bones entire.

21 The wicked from their wicked arts
Their ruin shall derive;
Whilst righteous men, whom they detest,
Shall them and theirs survive.

22 For God preserves the souls of those
Who on his truth depend;
To them, and their posterity,
His blessings shall descend.

PSALM 35.

1 AGAINST all those that strive with me,
O Lord, assert my right;
With such as war unjustly wage,
Do thou my battles fight.

2 Thy buckler take, and bind thy shield
Upon thy warlike arm;
Stand up, O God, in my defence,
And keep me safe from harm.

3 Bring forth thy spear, and stop their course,
That haste my blood to spill;
Say to my soul, "I am thy Health,
"And will preserve thee still."

4 Let them with shame be covered o'er,
Who my destruction sought;
And such as did my harm devise
Be to confusion brought.

5 Then shall they fly, dispersed like chaff
Before the driving wind;
God's vengeful minister of wrath
Shall follow close behind.

6 And when, through dark and slippery ways,
They strive his rage to shun,
His vengeful ministers of wrath
Shall goad them as they run.

7 Since, unprovoked by any wrong,
They hid their treacherous snare;
And, for my harmless soul, a pit
Did, without cause, prepare;—

8 Surprised by mischiefs unforeseen,
By their own arts betrayed,
Their feet shall fall into the net,
Which they for me had laid;—

9 Whilst my glad soul shall God's great name
For this deliverance bless,
And, by his saving health secured,
Its grateful joy express.

10 My very bones shall say, "O Lord,
"Who can compare with thee!
"Who sett'st the poor and helpless man
"From strong oppressors free."

PART II.

11 False witnesses, with forged complaints,
Against my truth combined;
And to my charge such things they laid,
As I had ne'er designed.

12 The good which I to them had done,
With evil they repaid;
And did, by malice undeserved,
My harmless life invade.

13 But as for me, when they were sick,
I still in sackcloth mourned;
I prayed and fasted, and my prayer
To my own breast returned.

14 Had they my friends or brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent signs of grief
A mother's loss deplore.

15 How different did their carriage prove,
In times of my distress,
When they, in crowds together met,
Did savage joy express!

The rabble, too, in numerous throngs,
By their example, came;
And ceased not, with reviling words,
To wound my spotless fame.

16 Scoffers, that noble tables haunt,
And earn their bread with lies,
Did gnash their teeth, and slandering jests
Maliciously devise.

17 But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
On my behalf appear;
And save my guiltless soul, which they,
Like ravening beasts, would tear.

PART III.

18 So I, before the listening world,
Shall grateful thanks express;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Thy name with praises bless.

19 Lord, suffer not my causeless foes,
Who me unjustly hate,
With open joy or secret signs,
To mock my sad estate.

20 For they, with hearts averse to peace,
Industriously devise,
Against the men of quiet minds,
To forge malicious lies.

21 Nor with these private arts content,
Aloud they vent their spite;
And say, "At last we found him out;
"He did it in our sight."

22 But thou, who dost both them and me
With righteous eyes survey,
Assert my innocence, O Lord,
And keep not far away.

23 Stir up thyself in my behalf;
To judgment, Lord, awake;
Thy righteous servant's cause, O God,
To thy decision take.

24 Lord, as my heart has upright been,
Let me thy justice find;
Nor let my cruel foes obtain
The triumph they designed.

25 O! let them not, amongst themselves,
In boasting language, say,
"At length our wishes are complete;
"At last he's made our prey."

26 Let such as in my harm rejoiced
For shame their faces hide,
And foul dishonour wait on those
That proudly me defied;—

27 Whilst they with cheerful voices shout,
Who my just cause befriend,
And bless the Lord, who loves to make
Success his saints attend.

28 So shall my tongue thy judgments sing,
Inspired with grateful joy;
And cheerful hymns, in praise of thee,
Shall all my days employ.

PSALM 36.

1 MY crafty foe, with flattering art,
His wicked purpose would disguise;
But reason whispers to my heart,
He ne'er sets God before his eyes.

2 He soothes himself, retired from sight;
Secure he thinks his treacherous game;
Till his dark plots, exposed to light,
Their false contriver brand with shame.

3 In deeds he is my foe confessed,
Whilst with his tongue he speaks me fair;
True wisdom's banished from his breast,
And vice has sole dominion there.

4 His wakeful malice spends the night
In forging his accursed designs;
His obstinate, ungenerous spite
No execrable means declines.

5 But, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orb ascends;
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope
Beyond the spreading sky extends.

6 Thy justice like the hills remains;
Unfathomed depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains;
The whole creation is thy care.

7 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltering wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust!

8 Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast;
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.

9 With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day:
10 O! let thy saints thy favour gain;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

11 Whilst pride's insulting foot would spurn,
And wicked hands my life surprise,
12 Their mischiefs on themselves return;
Down, down they're fallen, no more to rise.

PSALM 37.

1 THOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise;
2 For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flowers, away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.

3 Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want:
4 Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he, thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

5 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design;
6 He'll make, like light, serene and clear,
Thy clouded innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

7 With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend;
Nor let thy anger fondly rise,

Though wicked men with wealth abound,
And with success the plots are crowned
Which they maliciously devise.

8 From anger cease, and wrath forsake:
Let no ungoverned passion make
Thy wavering heart espouse their crime;
9 For God shall sinful men destroy;
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust on him, and wait his time.

10 How soon shall wicked men decay!
Their place shall vanish quite away,
Nor by the strictest search be found;
11 Whilst humble souls possess the earth,
Rejoicing still with godly mirth,
With peace and plenty always crowned.

PART II.

12 While sinful crowds, with false design,
Against the righteous few combine,
And gnash their teeth, and threatening stand,
13 God shall their empty plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated pride:
He sees their ruin near at hand.

14 They draw the sword, and bend the bow,
The poor and needy to o'erthrow,
And men of upright lives to slay;
15 But their strong bows shall soon be broke;
Their sharpened weapon's mortal stroke
Through their own hearts shall force its way.

16 A little, with God's favour blessed,
That's by one righteous man possessed,
The wealth of many bad excels;
17 For God supports the just man's cause;
But as for those that break his laws,
Their unsuccessful power he quells.

18 His constant care the upright guides,
And over all their life presides;
Their portion shall for ever last:
19 They, when distress o'erwhelms the earth,
Shall be unmoved, and, even in dearth,
The happy fruits of plenty taste.

20 Not so the wicked man, and those
Who proudly dare God's will oppose;
Destruction is their hapless share:

Like fat of lambs, their hopes, and they,
Shall in an instant melt away,
And vanish into smoke and air.

PART III.

21 While sinners, brought to sad decay,
Still borrow on, and never pay,
The just have will and power to give;
22 For such as God vouchsafes to bless
Shall peaceably the earth possess,
And those he curses shall not live.

23 The good man's way is God's delight;
He orders all the steps aright
Of him that moves by his command;
24 Though he sometimes may be distressed,
Yet shall he ne'er be quite oppressed,
For God upholds him with his hand.

25 From my first youth, till age prevailed,
I never saw the righteous failed,
Or want o'ertake his numerous race;
26 Because compassion filled his heart,
And he did cheerfully impart,
God made his offspring's wealth increase.

27 With caution shun each wicked deed,
In virtue's ways with zeal proceed,
And so prolong your happy days;
28 For God, who judgment loves, does still
Preserve his saints secure from ill,
While soon the wicked race decays.

29, 30, 31 The upright shall possess the land;
His portion shall for ages stand;
His mouth with wisdom is supplied;
His tongue by rules of judgment moves;
His heart the law of God approves;
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PART IV.

32 In wait the watchful sinner lies,
In vain, the righteous to surprise,
In vain his ruin does decree:
33 God will not him defenceless leave
To his revenge exposed, but save;
And, when he's sentenced, set him free.

PSALM 38.

34 Wait still on God; keep his command,
And thou, exalted in the land,
Thy blessed possession ne'er shall quit:
The wicked soon destroyed shall be,
And at his dismal tragedy
Thou shalt a safe spectator sit.

35 The wicked I in power have seen,
And like a bay-tree, fresh and green,
That spreads its pleasant branches round:
36 But he was gone as swift as thought;
And, though in every place I sought,
No sign or track of him I found.

37 Observe the perfect man with care,
And mark all such as upright are;
Their roughest days in peace shall end:
38 While on the latter end of those
Who dare God's sacred will oppose,
A common ruin shall attend.

39 God to the just will aid afford;
Their only Safeguard is the Lord;
Their Strength in time of need is he:
40 Because on him they still depend,
The Lord will timely succour send,
And from the wicked set them free.

PSALM 38.

1 THY chastening wrath, O Lord, restrain,
Though I deserve it all;
Nor let at once on me the storm
Of thy displeasure fall.

2 In every wretched part of me
Thy arrows deep remain;
Thy heavy hand's afflicting weight
I can no more sustain.

3 My flesh is one continued wound,
Thy wrath so fiercely glows:
Betwixt my punishment and guilt
My bones have no repose.

4 My sins, which to a deluge swell,
My sinking head o'erflow,
And, for my feeble strength to bear,
Too vast a burden grow.

5 Stench and corruption fill my wounds,
My folly's just return;
6 With trouble I am warped and bowed,
And all day long I mourn.

7 A loathed disease afflicts my loins,
Infecting every part;
8 With sickness worn, I groan and roar
Through anguish of my heart.

PART II.

9 But, Lord, before thy searching eyes
All my desires appear;
And sure my groans have been too loud,
Not to have reached thine ear.

10 My heart's oppressed, my strength decayed,
My eyes deprived of light;
11 Friends, lovers, kinsmen gaze aloof
On such a dismal sight.

12 Meanwhile, the foes that seek my life
Their snares to take me set,
Vent slanders, and contrive all day
To forge some new deceit:—

13 But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
Nor heard, nor once replied;
14 Quite deaf and dumb, like one whose tongue
With conscious guilt is tied.

15 For, Lord, to thee I do appeal,
My innocence to clear,
Assured that thou, the righteous God,
My injured cause wilt hear.

16 "Hear me," said I, "lest my proud foes
"A spiteful joy display;
"Insulting, if they see my foot
"But once to go astray."

17 And, with continual grief oppressed,
To sink I now begin;
18 To thee, O Lord, I will confess,
To thee bewail my sin.

19 But, whilst I languish, my proud foes
Their strength and vigour boast;
And they that hate me without cause
Are grown a dreadful host.

20 Even they whom I obliged return
My kindness with despite,
And are my enemies, because
I choose the path that's right.

21 Forsake me not, O Lord my God,
Nor far from me depart;
22 Make haste to my relief, O thou
Who my Salvation art.

PSALM 39.

1 RESOLVED to watch o'er all my ways,
I kept my tongue in awe;
I curbed my hasty words, when I
The wicked prosper saw.

2 Like one that's dumb, I silent stood,
And did my tongue refrain
From good discourse; but that restraint
Increased my inward pain.

3 My heart did glow with working thoughts,
And no repose could take,
Till strong reflection fanned the fire,
And thus at length I spake:—

4 Lord, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end;
The numerous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.

5 My life, thou know'st, is but a span;
A cipher sums my years;
And every man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.

6 Man, like a shadow, vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppressed;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possessed.

7 Why, then, should I on worthless toys
With anxious cares attend?
On thee alone my steadfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.

8, 9 Forgive my sins; nor let me scorned
By foolish sinners be;
For I was dumb, and murmured not,
Because 'twas done by thee.

10 The dreadful burden of thy wrath
In mercy soon remove,
Lest my frail flesh, too weak to bear
The heavy load should prove.

11 For when thou chastenest man for sin,
Thou mak'st his beauty fade,
(So vain a thing is he!) like cloth
By fretting moths decayed.

12 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer,
Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.

13 O! spare me yet a little time,
My wasted strength restore,
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more.

PSALM 40.

1 I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till he vouchsafed a kind reply,
Who did his gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

2 He took me from the dismal pit,
When foundered deep in miry clay;
On solid ground he placed my feet,
And suffered not my steps to stray.

3 The wonders he for me has wrought
Shall fill my mouth with songs of praise,
And others, to his worship brought,
To hopes of like deliverance raise.

4 For blessings shall that man reward,
Who on the Almighty Lord relies,
Who treats the proud with disregard,
And hates the hypocrite's disguise.

5 Who can the wondrous works recount,
Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought?
The treasures of thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

6 I've learned that thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.

7 I therefore come—come to fulfil
The oracles thy books impart;
8 'Tis my delight to do thy will;
Thy law is written in my heart.

PART II.

9 In full assemblies I have told
Thy truth and righteousness at large;
Nor did, thou know'st, my lips withhold
From uttering what thou gav'st in charge;—

10 Nor kept within my breast confined
Thy faithfulness and saving grace;
But preached thy love for all designed,
That all might that, and truth, embrace.

11 Then let those mercies I declared
To others, Lord, extend to me;
Thy loving-kindness my reward,
Thy truth my safe protection be.

12 For I with troubles am distressed,
Too numberless for me to bear;
Nor less with loads of guilt oppressed,
That plunge and sink me to despair.

As soon, alas! may I recount
The hairs of this afflicted head;
My vanished courage they surmount,
And fill my drooping soul with dread.

PART III.

13 But, Lord, to my relief draw near,
For never was more pressing need;
In my deliverance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliverance speed.

14 Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Insnared in their own vile design.

15 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mocked my confidence in thee,
And sport of my affliction made;—

16 While those, who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be raised;

And all, who prize thy saving grace,
With me resound, The Lord be praised.

17 Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,
Of me the Almighty Lord takes care:
Thou God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM 41.

1 HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distressed!
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

2 The Lord his life, with blessings crowned,
In safety shall prolong,
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

3 If he in languishing estate,
Oppressed with sickness, lie,
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

4 Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer addressed:—
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
"Though I have much transgressed."—

5 My cruel foes, with slanderous words,
Attempt to wound my fame;
"When shall he die," say they, "and men
"Forget his very name?"

6 Suppose they formal visits make,
'Tis all but empty show;
They gather mischief in their hearts,
And vent it where they go.

7, 8 With private whispers, such as these,
To hurt me they devise:—
"A sore disease afflicts him now;
"He's fallen, no more to rise."

9 My own familiar bosom friend,
On whom I most relied,
Has me, whose daily guest he was,
With open scorn defied.

10 But thou my sad and wretched state,
In mercy, Lord, regard,

And raise me up, that all their crimes
May meet their just reward.

11 By this I know thy gracious ear
Is open, when I call,—
Because thou sufferest not my foes
To triumph in my fall.

12 Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace,
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.

13 Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be blessed,
And all the people's glad applause
With loud Amens expressed.

PSALM 42.

1 AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O! when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty Divine?

3 Tears are my constant food, while thus
Insulting foes upbraid:—
"Deluded wretch! where's now thy God?
"And where his promised aid?"

4 I sigh, whene'er my musing thoughts
Those happy days present,
When I, with troops of pious friends,
Thy temple did frequent;—

When I advanced, with songs of praise,
My solemn vows to pay,
And led the joyful sacred throng,
That kept the festal day.

5 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God; who will employ
His aid for thee, and change these sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.

6 My soul's cast down, O God, but thinks
On thee and Sion still,

PSALM 43.

From Jordan's bank, from Hermon's heights,
And Mizar's humbler hill.

7 One trouble calls another on,
And, gathering o'er my head,
Fall spouting down, till round my soul
A roaring sea is spread.

8 But when thy presence, Lord of life,
Has once dispelled this storm,
To thee I'll midnight anthems sing,
And all my vows perform.

9 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn;
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To my oppressor's scorn?

10 My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
While thus my foes upbraid:—
"Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
"And where his promised aid?"

11 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still; and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal Spring.

PSALM 43.

1 JUST Judge of heaven, against my foes
Do thou assert my injured right;
O set me free, my God, from those
That in deceit and wrong delight.

2 Since thou art still my only Stay,
Why leav'st thou me in deep distress?
Why go I mourning all the day,
Whilst me insulting foes oppress?

3 Let me with light and truth be blessed;
Be these my guides to lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.

4 Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tuned harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.

5 Why, then, cast down, my soul? and why
So much oppressed with anxious care?

PSALM 44.

On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruined state repair.

PSALM 44.

1 O LORD, our fathers oft have told
In our attentive ears,
Thy wonders, in their days performed,
And elder times than theirs:—

2 How thou, to plant them here, didst drive
The heathen from this land,
Dispeopled by repeated strokes
Of thy avenging hand.

3 For not their courage, nor their sword,
To them possession gave;
Nor strength, that from unequal force
Their fainting troops could save;—

But thy right hand and powerful arm,
Whose succour they implored;
Thy presence with the chosen race,
Who thy great name adored.

4 As thee their God our fathers owned,
Thou art our sovereign King;
O! therefore, as thou didst to them,
To us deliverance bring.

5 Through thy victorious name, our arms
The proudest foes shall quell,
And crush them with repeated strokes,
As oft as they rebel.

6 I'll neither trust my bow nor sword,
When I in fight engage,
7 But thee, who hast our foes subdued,
And shamed their spiteful rage.

8 To thee the triumph we ascribe,
From whom the conquest came;
In God we will rejoice all day,
And ever bless his name.

PART II.

9 But thou hast cast us off; and now
Most shamefully we yield;
For thou no more vouchsaf'st to lead
Our armies to the field.

10 Since when, to every upstart foe
We turn our backs in fight;
And with our spoil their malice feast,
Who bear us ancient spite.

11 To slaughter doomed, we fall, like sheep,
Into their butchering hands,
Or (what's more wretched yet) survive,
Dispersed through heathen lands.

12 Thy people thou hast sold for slaves,
And set their price so low,
That not thy treasure, by the sale,
But their disgrace, may grow.

13, 14 Reproached by all the nations round,
The heathen's by-word grown,
Whose scorn of us is, both in speech
And mocking gestures, shown,—

15 Confusion strikes me blind, my face
In conscious shame I hide,
16 While we are scoffed, and God blasphemed,
By their licentious pride.

PART III.

17 On us this heap of woes is fallen,
All this we have endured,
Yet have not, Lord, renounced thy name,
Or faith to thee abjured,—

18 But in thy righteous paths have kept
Our hearts and steps with care,
19 Though thou hast broken all our strength,
And we almost despair.

20 Could we, forgetting thy great name,
On other gods rely,
21 And not the Searcher of all hearts
The treacherous crime descry?

22 Thou seest what sufferings, for thy sake,
We every day sustain;
All slaughtered, or reserved like sheep
Appointed to be slain.

23 Awake, arise; let seeming sleep
No longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who sue to thee,
For ever sue in vain.

24 O! wherefore hidest thou thy face
From our afflicted state,
25 Whose souls and bodies sink to earth
With grief's oppressive weight?
26 Arise, O Lord, and timely haste
To our deliverance make;
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
Yet for thy mercy's sake.

PSALM 45.

1 WHILE I the King's loud praise rehearse,
Indited by my heart,
My tongue is like the pen of him
That writes with ready art.
2 How matchless is thy form, O King!
Thy mouth with grace o'erflows,
Because fresh blessings God on thee
Eternally bestows.
3 Gird on thy sword, most mighty prince,
And, clad in rich array,
With glorious ornaments of power,
Majestic pomp display.
4 Ride on in state, and still protect
The meek, the just, and true;
Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
Does all thy foes pursue.
5 How sharp thy weapons are to them
That dare thy power despise!
Down, down they fall, while through their heart
The feathered arrow flies.
6 But thy firm throne, O God, is fixed,
For ever to endure;
Thy sceptre's sway shall always last,
By righteous laws secure.
7 Because thy heart, by justice led,
Did upright ways approve,
And hated still the crooked paths,
Where wandering sinners rove;—
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
The oil of gladness shed,
And has, above thy fellows round,
Advanced thy lofty head.

8 With cassia, aloes, and myrrh,
Thy royal robes abound,
Which, from the stately wardrobe brought,
Spread grateful odours round.

9 Among the honourable train
Did princely virgins wait;
The queen was placed at thy right hand
In golden robes of state.

PART II.

10 But thou, O royal bride, give ear,
And to my words attend;
Forget thy native country now,
And every former friend.

11 So shall thy beauty charm the King,
Nor shall his love decay;
For he is now become thy Lord;
To him due reverence pay.

12 The Tyrian matrons, rich and proud,
Shall humble presents make,
And all the wealthy nations sue
Thy favour to partake.

13 The King's fair Daughter's fairer soul
All inward graces fill;
Her raiment is of purest gold,
Adorned with costly skill.

14 She, in her nuptial garments dressed,
With needles richly wrought,
Attended by her virgin train,
Shall to the King be brought.

15 With all the state of solemn joy
The triumph moves along,
Till, with wide gates, the royal court
Receives the pompous throng.

16 Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
Must princely sons expect;
Whom thou to different realms may'st send,
To govern and protect:—

17 Whilst this my song to future times
Transmits thy glorious name,
And makes the world, with one consent,
Thy lasting praise proclaim.

PSALM 46.

1 GOD is our Refuge in distress,
A present Help when dangers press;
In him, undaunted, we'll confide;
2, 3 Though earth were from her centre tossed,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

4 A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high:
5 God dwells in Sion, whose fair towers
Shall mock the assaults of earthly powers,
While his almighty aid is nigh.

6 In tumults when the heathen raged,
And kingdoms war against us waged,
He thundered, and dispersed their powers:
7 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,—
Our Tower of refuge in alarms,
Our fathers' guardian God, and ours.

8 Come, see the wonders he hath wrought,
On earth what desolation brought;
How he has calmed the jarring world:
9 He broke the warlike spear and bow;
With them their thundering chariots, too,
Into devouring flames were hurled.

10 Submit to God's almighty sway;
For him the heathen shall obey,
And earth her sovereign Lord confess:
11 The God of hosts conducts our arms,—
Our Tower of refuge in alarms,
As to our fathers in distress.

PSALM 47.

1, 2 O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing;
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God, the universal King.

3, 4 He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight;
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob, his delight.

PSALM 48.

5, 6 God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets' sound;
To him repeated praises sing,
And let the cheerful song rebound.

7, 8 Your utmost skill in praise be shown
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

9 Our chiefs and tribes, that, far from hence,
To serve the God of Abr'am came,
Found him their constant, sure Defence:
How great and glorious is his name!

PSALM 48.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
And greatly to be praised
In Sion, on whose happy mount
His sacred throne is raised.

2 Her towers, the joy of all the earth,
With beauteous prospect rise;
On her north side the Almighty King's
Imperial city lies.

3 God in her palaces is known;
His presence is her guard;
4 Confederate kings withdrew their siege,
And of success despaired.

5 They viewed her walls, admired, and fled,
With grief and terror struck,
6 Like women, whom the sudden pangs
Of travail had o'ertook.

7 No wretched crew of mariners
Appear like them forlorn,
When fleets from Tarshish's wealthy coasts
By eastern winds are torn.

8 In Sion we have seen performed
A work that was foretold,
In pledge that God, for times to come,
His city will uphold.

9 Not in our fortresses and walls
Did we, O God, confide;
But on the temple fixed our hopes,
In which thou dost reside.

10 According to thy sovereign name,
Thy praise through earth extends;
Thy powerful arm, as justice guides,
Chastises or defends.

11 Let Sion's mount with joy resound,
Her daughters all be taught
In songs his judgments to extol,
Who this deliverance wrought.

12 Compass her walls in solemn pomp;
Your eyes quite round her cast;
Count all her towers, and see if there
You find one stone displaced.

13 Her forts and palaces survey;
Observe their order well;
That, with assurance, to your heirs
His wonders you may tell.

14 This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in him confide;
Who, as he has preserved us now,
Till death will be our Guide.

PSALM 49.

1, 2 LET all the listening world attend,
And my instruction hear;
Let high and low, and rich and poor,
With joint consent, give ear.

3 My mouth, with sacred wisdom filled,
Shall good advice impart,
The sound result of prudent thoughts,
Digested in my heart.

4 To parables of weighty sense
I will my ear incline,
Whilst to my tuneful harp I sing
Dark words of deep design.

5 Why should my courage fail in times
Of danger and of doubt,
When sinners, that would me supplant,
Have compassed me about?

6 Those men, that all their hope and trust
In heaps of treasure place,
And boast in triumph, when they see
Their ill-got wealth increase,—

7 Are yet unable from the grave
Their dearest friend to free,
Nor can by force of bribes reverse
The Almighty Lord's decree.

8, 9 Their vain endeavours they must quit,
The price is held too high;
No sums can purchase such a grant,
That man should never die.

10 Not wisdom can the wise exempt,
Nor fools their folly save;
But both must perish, and in death
Their wealth to others leave.

11 For though they think their stately seats
Shall ne'er to ruin fall,
But their remembrance last in lands
Which by their names they call,—

12 Yet shall their fame be soon forgot;
How great soe'er their state,
With beasts, their memory and they
Shall share one common fate.

PART II.

13 How great their folly is, who thus
Absurd conclusions make!
And yet their children, unreclaimed,
Repeat the gross mistake.

14 They all, like sheep to slaughter led,
The prey of death are made;
Their beauty, while the just rejoice,
Within the grave shall fade.

15 But God will yet redeem my soul,
And from the greedy grave
His greater power shall set me free,
And to himself receive.

16 Then fear not thou when worldly men
In envied wealth abound;
Nor though their prosperous house increase,
With state and honour crowned:—

17 For, when they're summoned hence by death,
They leave all this behind;
No shadow of their former pomp
Within the grave they find.

18 And yet they thought their state was blessed,
Caught in the flatterer's snare,
Who with their vanity complied,
And praised their worldly care.

19 In their forefathers' steps they tread;
And when, like them, they die,
Their wretched ancestors and they
In endless darkness lie.

20 For man, how great soe'er his state,
Unless he's truly wise,
As like a sensual beast he lives,
So like a beast he dies.

PSALM 50.

1, 2 THE Lord hath spoke, the mighty God
Hath sent his summons all abroad,
From dawning light till day declines:
The listening earth his voice hath heard,
And he from Sion hath appeared,
Where beauty in perfection shines.

3, 4 Our God shall come, and keep no more
Misconstrued silence, as before;
But wasting flames before him send:
Around shall tempests fiercely rage,
Whilst he does heaven and earth engage
His just tribunal to attend.

5, 6 Assemble all my saints to me,
(Thus runs the great divine decree,)
That in my lasting covenant live,
And offerings bring with constant care:
The heavens his justice shall declare;
For God himself shall sentence give.

7, 8 Attend, my people; Israel, hear;
Thy strong Accuser I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
'Tis not of offerings I complain,
Which, daily in my temple slain,
My sacred altar did supply.

9 Will this alone atonement make?
No bullock from thy stall I'll take,
Nor he-goat from thy fold accept:

10 The forest beasts, that range alone,
The cattle, too, are all my own,
That on a thousand hills are kept.

11 I know the fowls, that build their nests
In craggy rocks; and savage beasts,
That loosely haunt the open fields:
12 If seized with hunger I could be,
I need not seek relief from thee,
Since the world's mine, and all it yields.

13 Think'st thou that I have any need
On slaughtered bulls and goats to feed,
To eat their flesh, and drink their blood?
14 The sacrifices I require
Are hearts which love and zeal inspire,
And vows with strictest care made good.

15 In time of trouble call on me,
And I will set thee safe and free;
And thou returns of praise shalt make.
16 But to the wicked thus saith God:—
How dar'st thou teach my laws abroad,
Or in thy mouth my covenant take?

17 For, stubborn, thou, confirmed in sin,
Hast proof against instruction been,
And of my word didst lightly speak:
18 When thou a subtle thief didst see,
Thou gladly with him didst agree,
And with adulterers didst partake.

19 Vile slander is thy chief delight;
Thy tongue, by envy moved, and spite,
Deceitful tales does hourly spread:
20 Thou dost with hateful scandals wound
Thy brother, and with lies confound
The offspring of thy mother's bed.

21 These things didst thou, whom still I strove
To gain with silence and with love,
Till thou didst wickedly surmise
That I was such a one as thou;
But I'll reprove and shame thee now,
And set thy sins before thine eyes.

22 Mark this, ye wicked fools, lest I
Let all my bolts of vengeance fly,
Whilst none shall dare your cause to own:

23 Who praises me due honour gives;
And to the man that justly lives
My strong salvation shall be shown.

PSALM 51.

1 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.

2, 3 Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime, and see
How great my guilt has been.

4 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and, though condemned,
Must own thy judgment right.

5 In guilt each part was formed
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt I was conceived, and born
The heir of sin and shame.

6 Yet thou, whose searching eye
Does inward truth require,
In secret didst with wisdom's laws
My tender soul inspire.

7 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be:
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.

8 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind, forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.

9, 10 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view:
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.

PART II.

11 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;

Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

12 The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

13 So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

14 My guilt of blood remove,
My Saviour and my God,
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
Thy righteous acts abroad.

15 Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow closed and shame;
So shall my mouth thy wondrous praise
To all the world proclaim.

16 Could sacrifice atone,
Whole flocks and herds should die;
But on such offerings thou disdain'st
To cast a gracious eye.

17 A broken spirit is
By God most highly prized;
By him a broken, contrite heart
Shall never be despised.

18 Let Sion favour find,
Of thy good will assured,
And thy own city flourish long,
By lofty walls secured.

19 The just shall then attend,
And pleasing tribute pay,
And sacrifice of choicest kind
Upon thy altar lay.

PSALM 52.

1 IN vain, O man of lawless might,
Thou boast'st thyself in ill,
Since God, the God in whom I trust,
Vouchsafes his favour still.

2 Thy wicked tongue doth slanderous tales
Maliciously devise,

And, sharper than a razor set,
It wounds with treacherous lies.

3, 4 Thy thoughts are more on ill than good,
On lies than truth employed;
Thy tongue delights in words, by which
The guiltless are destroyed.

5 God shall for ever blast thy hopes,
And snatch thee soon away,
Nor in thy dwelling-place permit,
Nor in the world, to stay.

6 The just, with pious fear, shall see
The downfal of thy pride,
And at thy sudden ruin laugh,
And thus thy fall deride:—

7 "See there the man that haughty was,
"Who proudly God defied,
"Who trusted in his wealth, and still
"On wicked arts relied."

8 But I am like those olive-plants
That shade God's temple round,
And hope with his indulgent grace
To be for ever crowned.

9 So shall my soul, with praise, O God,
Extol thy wondrous love,
And on thy name with patience wait,
For this thy saints approve.

PSALM 53.

1 THE wicked fools must sure suppose
That God is but a name;
This gross mistake their practice shows,
Since virtue all disclaim.

2 The Lord looked down from heaven's high tower
The sons of men to view,
To see if any owned his power,
Or truth or justice knew;—

3 But all, he saw, were backward gone,
Degenerate grown and base;
None for religion cared, not one
Of all the sinful race.

4 But are those workers of deceit
So dull and senseless grown,

That they like bread my people eat,
And God's just power disown?

5 Their causeless fear shall strangely grow,
And they, despised of God,
Shall soon be foiled; his hand shall throw
Their shattered bones abroad.

6 Would he his saving power employ
To break our servile band,
Loud shouts of universal joy
Should echo through the land.

PSALM 54.

1, 2 LORD, save me, for thy glorious name,
And in thy strength appear
To judge my cause; accept my prayer,
And to my words give ear.

3 Mere strangers, whom I never wronged,
To ruin me designed;
And cruel men, that fear no God,
Against my soul combined.

4, 5 But God takes part with all my friends,
And he's the surest Guard;
The God of truth shall give my foes
Their falsehood's due reward;—

6 While I my grateful offerings bring,
And sacrifice with joy,
And in his praise my time to come
Delightfully employ.

7 From dreadful danger and distress
The Lord hath set me free;
Through him shall I of all my foes
The just destruction see.

PSALM 55.

1 GIVE ear, thou Judge of all the earth,
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.

2 Attend to this my sad complaint,
And hear my grievous moans;
While I my mournful case declare,
With artless sighs and groans.

3 Hark how the foe insults aloud!
How fierce oppressors rage!
Whose slanderous tongues, with wrathful hate,
Against my fame engage.

4, 5 My heart is racked with pain, my soul
With deadly frights distressed,
With fear and trembling compassed round,
With horror quite oppressed.

6 How often wished I then, that I
The dove's swift wings could get,
That I might take my speedy flight,
And seek a safe retreat.

7, 8 Then would I wander far from hence,
And in wild deserts stray,
Till all this furious storm were spent,
This tempest passed away.

PART II.

9 Destroy, O Lord, their ill designs,
Their counsels soon divide;
For through the city my grieved eyes
Have strife and rapine spied.

10 By day and night, on every wall
They walk their constant round;
And in the midst of all her strength
Are grief and mischief found.

11 Whoe'er through every part shall roam
Will fresh disorders meet;
Deceit and guile their constant posts
Maintain in every street.

12 For 'twas not any open foe
That false reflections made;
For then I could with ease have borne
The bitter things he said:—

'Twas none who hatred had professed,
That did against me rise;
For then I had withdrawn myself
From his malicious eyes:—

13, 14 But 'twas e'en thou, my guide, my friend,
Whom tenderest love did join,
Whose sweet advice I valued most,
Whose prayers were mixed with mine.

15 Sure vengeance, equal to their crimes,
Such traitors must surprise,
And sudden death requite those ills
They wickedly devise.

16, 17 But I will call on God, who still
Shall in my aid appear;
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll pray,
And he my voice shall hear.

PART III.

18 God has released my soul from those
That did with me contend,
And made a numerous host of friends
My righteous cause defend.

19 For he, who was my Help of old,
Shall now his suppliant hear,
And punish them whose prosperous state
Makes them no God to fear.

20 Whom can I trust, if faithless men
Perfidiously devise
To ruin me, their peaceful friend,
And break the strongest ties?

21 Though soft and melting are their words,
Their hearts with war abound;
Their speeches are more smooth than oil,
And yet like swords they wound.

22 Do thou, my soul, on God depend,
And he shall thee sustain;
He aids the just, whom to supplant
The wicked strive in vain.

23 My foes, that trade in lies and blood,
Shall all untimely die;
Whilst I, for health and length of day,
On thee, my God, rely.

PSALM 56.

1 DO thou, O God, in mercy help,
For man my life pursues;
To crush me with repeated wrongs,
He daily strife renews.

2 Continually my spiteful foes
To ruin me combine;

Thou seest, who sitt'st enthroned on high,
What mighty numbers join.

3 But, though sometimes surprised by fear,
On danger's first alarm,
Yet still for succour I depend
On thy almighty arm.

4 God's faithful promise I shall praise,
On which I now rely;
In God I trust, and, trusting him,
The arm of flesh defy.

5 They wrest my words, and make them speak
A sense they never meant;
Their thoughts are all, with restless spite,
On my destruction bent.

6 In close assemblies they combine,
And wicked projects lay;
They watch my steps, and lie in wait
To make my soul their prey.

7 Shall such injustice still escape?
O righteous God, arise;
Let thy just wrath, too long provoked,
This impious race chastise.

8 Thou numberest all my steps, since first
I was compelled to flee;
My very tears were treasured up,
And registered by thee.

9 When, therefore, I invoke thy aid,
My foes shall be o'erthrown;
For I am well assured that God
My righteous cause will own.

10, 11 I'll trust God's word, and so despise
The force that man can raise;
12 To thee, O God, my vows are due,
To thee I'll render praise.

13 Thou hast retrieved my soul from death,
And thou wilt still secure
The life thou hast so oft preserved,
And make my footsteps sure;—

14 That thus, protected by thy power,
I may this life enjoy,
And in the service of my God
My lengthened days employ.

PSALM 57.

1 THY mercy, Lord, to me extend;
On thy protection I depend,
And to thy wing for shelter haste,
Till this outrageous storm is passed.

2 To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou sovereign Judge, and God most high,
Who wonders hast for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy work undone.

3 From heaven protect me by thine arm,
And shame all those who seek my harm;
To my relief thy mercy send,
And truth, on which my hopes depend.

4 For I with savage men converse,
Like hungry lions wild and fierce;
With men whose teeth are spears, their words
Envenomed darts and two-edged swords.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

6 To take me they their net prepared,
And had almost my soul insnared,
But fell themselves, by just decree,
Into the pit they made for me.

7 O God, my heart is fixed, 'tis bent
Its thankful tribute to present;
And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

8 Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

9 Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round;
10 Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

11 Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

PSALM 58.

1 SPEAK, O ye judges of the earth,
If just your sentence be;
Or must not innocence appeal
To heaven from your decree?

2 Your wicked hearts and judgments are
Alike by malice swayed;
Your griping hands, by weighty bribes,
To violence betrayed.

3 To virtue strangers, from the womb
Their infant steps went wrong;
They prattled slander, and in lies
Employed their lisping tongue.

4 No serpent of parched Afric's breed
Does ranker poison bear;
The drowsy adder will as soon
Unlock his sullen ear.

5 Unmoved by good advice, and deaf
As adders, they remain,
From whom the skilful charmer's voice
Can no attention gain.

6 Defeat, O God, their threatening rage,
And timely break their power;
Disarm these growling lions' jaws,
E'er practised to devour.

7 Let now their insolence, at height,
Like ebbing tides be spent;
Their shivered darts deceive their aim,
When they their bow have bent.

8 Like snails let them dissolve to slime;
Like hasty births, become
Unworthy to behold the sun,
And dead within the womb.

9 Ere thorns can make the flesh-pots boil,
Tempestuous wrath shall come
From God, and snatch them hence alive
To their eternal doom.

10 The righteous shall rejoice to see
Their crimes with vengeance meet;
And saints in persecutors' blood
Shall dip their harmless feet.

11 Transgressors then with grief shall see
Just men rewards obtain,
And own a God, whose justice will
The guilty earth arraign.

PSALM 59.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord, my God,
From all my spiteful foes;
In my defence oppose thy power
To theirs, who me oppose.

2 Preserve me from a wicked race,
Who make a trade of ill;
Protect me from remorseless men,
Who seek my blood to spill.

3 They lie in wait, and mighty powers
Against my life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, thou know'st,
For no offence of mine.

4 In haste they run about, and watch
My guiltless life to take;
Look down, O Lord, on my distress,
And to my help awake.

5 Thou, Lord of hosts, and Israel's God,
Their heathen rage suppress;
Relentless vengeance take on those
Who stubbornly transgress.

6 At evening, to beset my house,
Like growling dogs they meet;
While others through the city range,
And ransack every street.

7 Their throats envenomed slander breathe,
Their tongues are sharpened swords;
"Who hears?" say they, "or, hearing, dares
"Reprove our lawless words?"

8 But from thy throne thou shalt, O Lord,
Their baffled plots deride;
And soon to shame and scorn expose
Their boasted heathen pride.

9 On thee I wait; 'tis on thy strength
For succour I depend;
'Tis thou, O God, art my Defence,
Who only canst defend.

10 Thy mercy, Lord, which has so oft
From danger set me free,
Shall crown my wishes, and subdue
My haughty foes to me.

11 Destroy them not, O Lord, at once;
Restrain thy vengeful blow;
Lest we, ungratefully, too soon
Forget their overthrow.

Disperse them through the nations round
By thy avenging power;
Do thou bring down their haughty pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tower;—

12 Now, in the height of all their hopes,
Their arrogance chastise,
Whose tongues have sinned without restraint,
And curses joined with lies.

13 Nor shalt thou, whilst their race endures,
Thine anger, Lord, suppress,
That distant lands, by their just doom,
May Israel's God confess.

14 At evening let them still persist,
Like growling dogs, to meet,
Still wander all the city round,
And traverse every street.

15 Then, as for malice now they do,
For hunger let them stray,
And yell their vain complaints aloud,
Defeated of their prey;—

16 Whilst early I thy mercy sing,
Thy wondrous power confess;
For thou hast been my sure Defence,
My Refuge in distress.

17 To thee, with never-ceasing praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing;
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
My health and safety spring.

PSALM 60.

1 O GOD, who hast our troops dispersed,
Forsaking those who left thee first,
As we thy just displeasure mourn,
To us, in mercy, Lord, return.

2 Our strength, that firm as earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging hand;
O! heal the breaches thou hast made;
We shake, we fall, without thy aid!

3 Our folly's sad effects we feel,
For, drunk with discord's cup, we reel;
4 But now, for them who thee revered,
Thou hast thy truth's bright banner reared.

5 Let thy right hand thy saints protect;
Lord, hear the prayers that we direct;
6 The holy God has spoke, and I,
O'erjoyed, on his firm word rely:—

To thee in portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's soil, Samaria's pride;
To Sichem, Succoth next I'll join,
And measure out her vale by line.

7 Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
To my commands, with Ephraim's tribe;
Ephraim by arms supports my cause,
And Judah by religious laws.

8 Moab my slave and drudge shall be,
Nor Edom from my yoke get free;
Proud Palestine's imperious state
Shall humbly on our triumph wait.

9 But who shall quell these mighty powers,
And clear my way to Edom's towers?
Or through her guarded frontiers tread
The path that doth to conquest lead?—

10 Ev'n thou, O God, who hast dispersed
Our troops (for we forsook thee first;)
Those whom thou didst in wrath forsake,
Atoned, thou wilt victorious make.

11 Do thou our fainting cause sustain,
For human succours are but vain;
12 Fresh strength and courage God bestows;
'Tis he treads down our proudest foes.

PSALM 61.

1 LORD, hear my cry, regard my prayer,
Which I, oppressed with grief,
2 From earth's remotest part address
To thee for kind relief.

PSALM 62.

O! lodge me safe beyond the reach
Of persecuting power,
3 Thou, who so oft from spiteful foes
Hast been my sheltering Tower.

4 So shall I in thy sacred courts
Secure from danger lie;
Beneath the covert of thy wings,
All future storms defy.

5 In sign my vows are heard, once more
I o'er thy chosen reign;
6 O! bless with long and prosperous life
The king thou didst ordain.

7 Confirm his throne, and make his reign
Accepted in thy sight,
And let thy truth and mercy both
In his defence unite.

8 So shall I ever sing thy praise,
Thy name for ever bless,
Devote my prosperous days to pay
The vows of my distress.

PSALM 62.

1, 2 MY soul for help on God relies;
From him alone my safety flows;
My Rock, my Health, that strength supplies
To bear the shock of all my foes.

3 How long will ye contrive my fall,
Which will but hasten on your own?
You'll totter like a bending wall,
Or fence of uncemented stone.

4 To make my envied honours less,
They strive with lies, their chief delight;
For they, though with their mouths they bless,
In private curse with inward spite.

5, 6 But thou, my soul, on God rely;
On him alone thy trust repose;
My Rock and Health will strength supply
To bear the shock of all my foes.

7 God does his saving health dispense,
And flowing blessings daily send;
He is my Fortress and Defence;
On him my soul shall still depend.

8 In him, ye people, always trust;
Before his throne pour out your hearts;
For God, the merciful and just,
His timely aid to us imparts.

9 The vulgar fickle are and frail;
The great dissemble and betray;
And, laid in truth's impartial scale,
The lightest things will both outweigh.

10 Then trust not in oppressive ways;
By spoil and rapine grow not vain;
Nor let your hearts, if wealth increase,
Be set too much upon your gain.

11 For God has oft his will expressed,
And I this truth have fully known,—
To be of boundless power possessed,
Belongs, of right, to God alone.

12 Though mercy is his darling grace,
In which he chiefly takes delight,
Yet will he all the human race
According to their works requite.

PSALM 63.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning prayers shall offered be;
For thee my thirsty soul does pant:
My fainting flesh implores thy grace
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.

2 O! to my longing eyes, once more,
That view of glorious power restore,
Which thy majestic house displays;
3 Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.

4 My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ;
With lifted hands adore his name:
5 My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs who choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.

6 When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
And when I wake in dead of night;

7 Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
I rest with safety and delight.

8 My soul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless power
In her support is daily shown:
9 But those the righteous Lord shall slay,
That my destruction wish; and they
That seek my life shall lose their own.

10 They by untimely ends shall die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie;
But God shall fill the king with joy:
11 Who thee confess shall still rejoice;
Whilst the false tongue, and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, shalt silence and destroy.

PSALM 64.

1 LORD, hear the voice of my complaint;
To my request give ear;
Preserve my life from cruel foes,
And free my soul from fear.

2 O! hide me, with thy tenderest care,
In some secure retreat,
From sinners that against me rise,
And all their plots defeat.

3 See how, intent to work my harm,
They whet their tongues like swords,
And bend their bows to shoot their darts,
Sharp lies, and bitter words.

4 Lurking in private, at the just
They take their secret aim,
And suddenly at him they shoot,
Quite void of fear and shame.

5 To carry on their ill designs
They mutually agree;
They speak of laying private snares,
And think that none shall see.

6 With utmost diligence and care
Their wicked plots they lay;
The deep designs of all their hearts
Are only to betray.

7 But God, to anger justly moved,
His dreadful bow shall bend,
And on his flying arrow's point
Shall swift destruction send.

8 Those slanders, which their mouths did vent,
Upon themselves shall fall;
Their crimes, disclosed, shall make them be
Despised and shunned by all.

9 The world shall then God's power confess,
And nations, trembling, stand,
Convinced that 'tis the mighty work
Of his avenging hand:—

10 Whilst righteous men, whom God secures,
In him shall gladly trust;
And all the listening earth shall hear
Loud triumphs of the just.

PSALM 65.

1 FOR thee, O God, our constant praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen seat;
Our promised altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy listening ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try,
Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blessed is the man, who, near thee placed,
Within thy sacred dwelling lives;
Whilst we, at humble distance, taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

5 By wondrous acts, O God, most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found;
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround,

6, 7 God, by his strength, sets fast the hills,
And does his matchless power engage,
With which the sea's loud waves he stills,
And angry crowds' tumultuous rage.

PART II.

8 Thou, Lord, dost barbarous lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful tokens view;
With joy they see the night and day
Each other's track, by turns, pursue.

9 From out thy inexhausted store
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,
Makes lands, that barren were before,
With corn and useful fruits abound.

10 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrowed valley fills;
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle showers,
In which a blessed increase distils.

11 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown;
And where thy glorious paths appear,
The fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

12 They drop on barren forests, changed
By them to pastures fresh and green;
The hills about, in order ranged,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

13 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs; the valleys bring
A plenteous crop of full-eared corn,
And seem, for joy, to shout and sing.

PSALM 66.

1, 2 LET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
To God their voices raise,
Sing psalms in honour of his name,
And spread his glorious praise;—

3 And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works, art thou!
To thy great power thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forced to bow.

4 Through all the earth, the nations round
Shall thee their God confess,
And, with glad hymns, their awful dread
Of thy great name express.

5 O! come, behold the works of God;
And then with me you'll own,

That he, to all the sons of men,
Has wondrous judgment shown.

6 He made the sea become dry land,
Through which our fathers walked;
Whilst to each other of his might
With joy his people talked.

7 He, by his power, for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against his sovereign sway.

PART II.

8, 9 O! all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise,
Who keeps our souls alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

10 For thou hast tried us, Lord, as fire
Does try the precious ore;
11 Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
Oppressing burdens bore.

12 Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
Through fire and water chase;
But yet, at last, thou brought'st us forth
Into a wealthy place.

13 Burnt-offerings to thy house I'll bring,
And there my vows will pay,
14 Which I, with solemn zeal, did make
In trouble's dismal day.

15 Then shall the richest incense smoke,
The fattest rams shall fall,
The choicest goats from out the fold,
And bullocks from the stall.

16 O! come, all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with needful care,
Whilst I what God for me has done
With grateful joy declare.

17, 18 As I before his aid implored,
So now I praise his name,
Who, if my heart had harboured sin
Would all my prayers disclaim.

19 But God to me, whene'er I cried,
His gracious ear did bend,

And to the voice of my request
With constant love attend.

20 Then blessed for ever be my God,
Who never, when I pray,
Withholds his mercy from my soul,
Nor turns his face away.

PSALM 67.

1 TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline,
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine ;—

2 That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known ;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

4 O ! let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth ;
For thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

5 Let differing nations join
To celebrate thy fame ;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

6 Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose,
And we with plenty shall be crowned,
Which God, our God, bestows.

7 Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings shower,
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless power.

PSALM 68.

1 LET God, the God of battle, rise,
And scatter his presumptuous foes ;
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
Who spitefully his power oppose.

2 As smoke in tempest's rage is lost,
Or wax into the furnace cast,
So let their sacrilegious host
Before his wrathful presence waste.

3 But let the servants of his will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their upright hearts let gladness fill,
And cheerful songs their tongues employ.

4 To him your voice in anthems raise;
Jehovah's awful name he bears;
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling spheres.

5 Him, from his empire of the skies,
To this low world compassion draws,
The orphan's claim to patronise,
And judge the injured widow's cause.

6 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil
Restores poor exiles to their home;
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil
Their proud oppressors' righteous doom.

7 'Twas so of old, when thou didst lead
In person, Lord, our armies forth;
Strange terrors through the desert spread,
Convulsions shook the astonished earth.

8 The breaking clouds did rain distil,
And heaven's high arches shook with fear;
How, then, should Sinai's humble hill
Of Israel's God the presence bear?

9 Thy hand, at famished earth's complaint,
Relieved her from celestial stores,
And, when thy heritage was faint,
Assuaged the drought with plenteous showers.

10 Where savages had ranged before
At ease thou mad'st our tribes reside;
And, in the desert, for the poor
Thy generous bounty did provide.

PART II.

11 Thou gav'st the word, we sallied forth,
And in that powerful word o'ercame;
While virgin troops, with songs of mirth,
In state our conquest did proclaim.

12 Vast armies, by such generals led
As yet had ne'er received a foil,
Forsook their camp with sudden dread,
And to our women left the spoil.

13 Though Egypt's drudges you have been,
Your army's wing shall shine as bright
As doves, in golden sun-shine seen,
Or silvered o'er with paler light.

14 'Twas so, when God's almighty hand
O'er scattered kings the conquest won;
Our troops, drawn up on Jordan's strand,
High Salmon's glittering snow outshone.

15 From thence to Jordan's farther coast,
And Bashan's hill, we did advance:
No more her height shall Bashan boast,
But that she's God's inheritance.

16 But wherefore (though the honour's great)
Should this, O mountain, swell your pride?
For Sion is his chosen seat,
Where he for ever will reside.

17 His chariots numberless; his powers
Are heavenly hosts, that wait his will;
His presence now fills Sion's towers,
As once it honoured Sinai's hill.

18 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And on thy people didst bestow
The spoil of armies once their dread.

Ev'n rebels shall partake thy grace,
And humble proselytes repair
To worship at thy dwelling-place,
And all the world pay homage there.

19 For benefits each day bestowed,
Be daily his great name adored,
20 Who is our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.

21 But justice for his hardened foes
Proportioned vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary head of those
Who in presumptuous crimes proceed.

22 The Lord hath thus in thunder spoke:—
"*As I* subdued proud Bashan's king,

"Once more I'll break my people's yoke,
"And from the deep my servants bring.

23 "Their feet shall with a crimson flood
"Of slaughtered foes be covered o'er,
"Nor earth receive such impious blood,
"But leave for dogs the unhallowed gore."

PART III.

24 When, marching to thy blessed abode,
The wondering multitude surveyed
The pompous state of thee, our God,
In robes of majesty arrayed,—

25 Sweet-singing Levites led the van;
Loud instruments brought up the rear;
Between both troops, a virgin train
With voice and timbrel charmed the ear.

26 This was the burthen of their song:—
"In full assemblies bless the Lord;
"All who to Israel's tribes belong,
"Of Israel's God the praise record."

27 Nor little Benjamin alone
From neighb'ring bounds did there attend,
Nor only Judah's nearer throne
Her counsellors in state did send;—

But Zebulon's remoter seat,
And Naphtali's more distant coast,
The grand procession to complete,
Sent up their tribes, a princely host.

28 Thus God to strength and union brought
Our tribes, at strife till that blessed hour;
This work, which thou, O God, hast wrought,
Confirm with fresh recruits of power.

29 To visit Salem, Lord, descend,
And Sion, thy terrestrial throne,
Where kings with presents shall attend,
And thee with offered crowns atone.

30 Break down the spearmen's ranks, who threat
Like pampered herds of savage might;
Their silver-armoured chiefs defeat,
Who in destructive war delight.

31 Egypt shall then to God stretch forth
Her hands, and Afric homage bring,

32 The scattered kingdoms of the earth
Their common Sovereign's praises sing,—

33 Who, mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heaven, sublimely rides,
From whence his dreadful voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.

34 Ascribe the power to God most high ;
Of humble Israel he takes care ;
Whose strength, from out the dusky sky,
Darts shining terrors through the air.

35 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where God has fixed his earthly throne !
His strength his feeble saints supports,
To give God praise, and him alone.

PSALM 69.

1 SAVE me, O God, from waves that roll,
And press to overwhelm my soul ;
2 With painful steps in mire I tread,
And deluges o'erflow my head.

3 With restless cries my spirits faint,
My voice is hoarse with long complaint,
My sight decays with tedious pain,
Whilst for my God I wait in vain.

4 My hairs, though numerous, are but few,
Compared with foes that me pursue
With groundless hate ; grown now of might
To execute their lawless spite.

They force me, guiltless, to resign,
As rapine, what by right was mine ;
5 Thou, Lord, my innocence dost see,
Nor are my sins concealed from thee.

6 Lord God of hosts, take timely care,
Lest, for my sake, thy saints despair ;
7 Since I have suffered for thy name
Reproach, and hid my face in shame ;—

8 A stranger to my country grown,
Nor to my nearest kindred known ;
A foreigner, exposed to scorn
By brethren of my mother born :—

9 For zeal to thy loved house and name
Consumes me like devouring flame ;

Concerned at their affronts to thee
More than at slanders cast on me.

10 My very tears and abstinence
They construe in a spiteful sense;
11 When clothed with sackcloth for their sake,
They me their common proverb make.

12 Their judges at my wrongs do jest,
Those wrongs they ought to have redressed:
How should I then expect to be
From libels of lewd drunkards free?

13 But, Lord, to thee I will repair
For help, with humble, timely prayer;
Relieve me from thy mercy's store;
Display thy truth's preserving power.

14 From threatening dangers me relieve,
And from the mire my feet retrieve;
From spiteful foes in safety keep,
And snatch me from the raging deep.

15 Control the deluge, ere it spread,
And roll its waves above my head;
Nor deep destruction's open pit
To close her jaws on me permit.

16 Lord, hear the humble prayer I make,
For thy transcending goodness' sake;
Relieve thy supplicant once more
From thy abounding mercy's store.

17 Nor from thy servant hide thy face;
Make haste, for desperate is my case;
18 Thy timely succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless foes.

19 Thou know'st what infamy and scorn
I from my enemies have borne;
Nor can their close-dissembled spite,
Or darkest plots, escape thy sight.

20 Reproach and grief have broke my heart;
I looked for some to take my part,
To pity or relieve my pain;
But looked, alas! for both in vain.

21 With hunger pined, for food I call;
Instead of food, they give me gall;
And, when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.

22 Their tables, therefore, to their health
Shall prove a snare, a trap their wealth;
23 Perpetual darkness seize their eyes,
And sudden blasts their hopes surprise.

24 On them thou shalt thy fury pour,
Till thy fierce wrath their race devour,
25 And make their house a dismal cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.

26 For new afflictions they procured
For him who had thy stripes endured,
And made the wound thy scourge had torn
To bleed afresh, with sharper scorn.

27 Sin shall to sin their steps betray,
Till they to truth have lost the way:
28 From life thou shalt exclude their soul,
Nor with the just their names enrol.

29 But me, howe'er distressed and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore;
30 Thy power with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

31 Our God shall this more highly prize
Than herds or flocks in sacrifice;
32 Which humble saints with joy shall see,
And hope for like redress with me.

33 For God regards the poor's complaint,
Sets prisoners free from close restraint;
34 Let heaven, earth, sea, their voices raise,
And all the world resound his praise.

35 For God will Sion's walls erect,
Fair Judah's cities he'll protect,
Till all her scattered sons repair
To undisturbed possession there.

36 This blessing they shall, at their death,
To their religious heirs bequeath,
And they to endless ages more
Of such as his blessed name adore.

PSALM 70.

1 O LORD, to my relief draw near;
For never was more pressing need;
For my deliverance, Lord, appear,
And add to that deliverance speed.

PSALM 71.

2 Confusion on their heads return,
Who to destroy my soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Insnared in their own vile design.

3 Their doom let desolation be,
With shame their malice be repaid,
Who mocked my confidence in thee,
And sport of my afflictions made.

4 While those who humbly seek thy face,
To joyful triumphs shall be raised,
And all, who prize thy saving grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be praised.

5 Thus, wretched though I am, and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care;
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my relief with speed repair.

PSALM 71.

1, 2 IN thee I put my steadfast trust;
Defend me, Lord, from shame;
Incline thine ear, and save my soul;
For righteous is thy name.

3 Be thou my strong Abiding-place,
To which I may resort;
'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe,
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

4, 5 From cruel and ungodly men
Protect and set me free;
For, from my earliest youth till now,
My hope has been in thee.

6 Thy constant care did safely guard
My tender infant days;
Thou took'st me from my mother's womb,
To sing thy constant praise.

7, 8 While some on me with wonder gaze,
Thy hand supports me still;
Thy honour, therefore, and thy praise,
My mouth shall always fill.

9 Reject not, then, thy servant, Lord,
When I with age decay;
Forsake me not when, worn with years,
My vigour fades away.

10 My foes against my fame and me
With crafty malice speak;
Against my soul they lay their snares,
And mutual counsel take.

11 "His God," say they, "forsakes him now,
"On whom he did rely;
"Pursue and take him, whilst no hope
"Of timely aid is nigh."

12 But thou, my God, withdraw not far;
For speedy help I call;
13 To shame and ruin bring my foes,
That seek to work my fall.

14 But, as for me, my steadfast hope
Shall on thy power depend;
And I in grateful songs of praise
My time to come will spend.

PART II.

15 Thy righteous acts, and saving health,
My mouth shall still declare,
Unable yet to count them all,
Though summed with utmost care.

16 While God vouchsafes me his support,
I'll in his strength go on,
All other righteousness disclaim,
And mention his alone.

17 Thou, Lord, hast taught me, from my youth,
To praise thy glorious name;
And, ever since, thy wondrous works
Have been my constant theme.

18 Then now forsake me not, when I
Am gray and feeble grown,
Till I to these and future times
Thy strength and power have shown.

19 How high thy justice soars, O God!
How great and wondrous are
The mighty works which thou hast done!
Who may with thee compare?

20 Me, whom thy hand has sorely pressed,
Thy grace shall yet relieve,
And, from the lowest depth of woe,
With tender care retrieve.

21 Through thee, my time to come shall be
With power and greatness crowned;
And me, who dismal years have passed,
Thy comfort shall surround.

22 Then I, with psaltery and harp,
Thy truth, O Lord, will praise;
To thee, the God of Jacob's race,
My voice in anthems raise.

23 Then joy shall fill my mouth, and songs
Employ my cheerful voice;
My grateful soul, by thee redeemed,
Shall in thy strength rejoice.

24 My tongue thy just and righteous acts
Shall all the day proclaim,
Because thou didst confound my foes,
And brought'st them all to shame.

PSALM 72.

1 LORD, let thy just decrees the king
In all his ways direct;
And let his son, throughout his reign,
Thy righteous laws respect.

2 So shall he still thy people judge
With pure and upright mind,
Whilst all the helpless poor shall him
Their just Protector find.

3 Then hills and mountains shall bring forth
The happy fruits of peace,
Which all the land shall own to be
The work of righteousness;—

4 Whilst he the poor and needy race
Shall rule with gentle sway,
And from their humble neck shall take
Oppressive yokes away.

5 In every heart thy awful fear
Shall then be rooted fast,
As long as sun and moon endure,
Or time itself shall last.

6 He shall descend like rain, that cheers
The meadow's second birth,
Or like warm showers, whose gentle drops
Refresh the thirsty earth.

7 In his blessed days, the just and good
Shall be with favour crowned;
The happy land shall, every where,
With endless peace abound.

8 His uncontrolled dominion shall
From sea to sea extend,
Begin at proud Euphrates' streams,
At nature's limits end.

9 To him the savage nations round
Shall bow their servile heads;
His vanquished foes shall lick the dust,
Where he his conquests spreads.

10 The king of Tarshish, and the isles,
Shall costly presents bring;
From spicy Sheba gifts shall come,
And wealthy Saba's king.

11 To him shall every king on earth
His humble homage pay,
And differing nations gladly join
To own his righteous sway.

12 For he shall set the needy free,
When they for succour cry;
Shall save the helpless and the poor,
And all their wants supply.

PART II.

13 His providence for needy souls
Shall due supplies prepare,
And over their defenceless lives
Shall watch with tender care.

14 He shall preserve and keep their souls
From fraud and rapine free,
And, in his sight, their guiltless blood
Of mighty price shall be.

15 Therefore shall God his life and reign
To many years extend,
Whilst eastern princes tribute pay,
And golden presents send.

For him shall constant prayers be made,
Through all his prosperous days;
His just dominion shall afford
A lasting theme of praise.

16 Of useful grain, through all the land,
Great plenty shall appear;
A handful, sown on mountain's top,
A mighty crop shall bear;—

Its fruits, like cedars shook by winds,
A rattling noise shall yield;
The city, too, shall thrive, and vie
For plenty with the field.

17 The memory of his glorious name
Through endless years shall run;
His spotless fame shall shine as bright
And lasting as the sun.

In him the nations of the world
Shall be completely blessed,
And his unbounded happiness
By every tongue confessed.

18 Then blessed be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Israel fears,
Who only wondrous in his works
Beyond compare appears.

19 Let earth be with his glory filled;
For ever bless his name;
Whilst to his praise the listening world
Their glad assent proclaim.

PSALM 73.

1 AT length, by certain proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind;
That all, whose hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favour find.

2, 3 Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My staggering feet had almost failed;
I grieved the sinner's wealth to view,
And envied when the fools prevailed.

4, 5 They to the grave in peace descend,
And, whilst they live, are hale and strong;
No plagues or troubles them offend,
Which oft to other men belong.

6, 7 With pride, as with a chain, they're held,
And rapine seems their robe of state;
Their eyes stand out with fatness swelled;
They grow, beyond their wishes, great.

8, 9 With hearts corrupt, and lofty talk,
Oppressive methods they defend;
Their tongue through all the earth does walk;
Their blasphemiés to heaven ascend.

10 And yet admiring crowds are found,
Who servile visits duly make,
Because with plenty they abound,
Of which their flattering slaves partake.

11 Their fond opinions these pursue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How should the Lord our actions view?
"Can he perceive, who dwells so high?"

12 Behold the wicked! these are they
Who openly their sins profess;
And yet their wealth's increased each day,
And all their actions meet success.

13, 14 "Then have I cleansed my heart," said I,
"And washed my hands from guilt, in vain,
"If all the day oppressed I lie,
"And every morning suffer pain."

15 Thus did I once to speak intend;
But if such things I rashly say,
Thy children, Lord, I must offend,
And basely should their cause betray.

PART II.

16, 17 To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me,
Till to the house of God I went;
Then I their end did plainly see.

18 How high soe'er advanced, they all
On slippery places loosely stand;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging hand.

19, 20 How dreadful and how quick their fate!
Despised by thee, when they're destroyed;
As waking men with scorn do treat
The fancies that their dreams employed.

21, 22 Thus was my heart with grief oppressed,
My reins were racked with restless pains;
So stupid was I, like a beast,
Who no reflecting thought retains.

23, 24 Yet still thy presence me supplied,
And thy right hand assistance gave;
Thou first shalt with thy counsel guide,
And then to glory me receive.

25 Whom, then, in heaven, but thee alone,
Have I, whose favour I require?
Throughout the spacious earth there's none
That I besides thee can desire.

26 My trembling flesh and aching heart
May often fail to succour me;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal Portion be.

27 For they that far from thee remove
Shall into sudden ruin fall;
If after other gods they rove,
Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.

28 But, as for me, 'tis good and just
That I should still to God repair;
In him I always put my trust,
And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM 74.

1 WHY hast thou cast us off, O God?
Wilt thou no more return?
O! why against thy chosen flock
Does thy fierce anger burn?

2 Think on thy ancient purchase, Lord,
The land that is thy own,
By thee redeemed; and Zion's mount,
Where once thy glory shone.

3 O! come, and view our ruined state;
How long our troubles last;
See how the foe, with wicked rage,
Has laid thy temple waste.

4 Thy foes blaspheme thy name; where late
Thy zealous servants prayed,
The heathen there, with haughty pomp,
Their banners have displayed.

5, 6 Those curious carvings, which did once
Advance the artist's fame,
With axe and hammer they destroy,
Like works of vulgar frame.

7 Thy holy temple they have burned;
And what escaped the flame
Has been profaned, and quite defaced,
Though sacred to thy name.

8 Thy worship wholly to destroy
Maliciously they aimed;
And all the sacred places burned,
Where we thy praise proclaimed.

9 Yet of thy presence thou vouchsaf'st
No tender signs to send;
We have no prophet now, that knows
When this sad state shall end.

PART II.

10 But, Lord, how long wilt thou permit
The insulting foe to boast?
Shall all the honour of thy name
For evermore be lost?

11 Why hold'st thou back thy strong right hand,
And on thy patient breast,
When vengeance calls to stretch it forth,
So calmly lett'st it rest?

12 Thou heretofore, with kingly power,
In our defence hast fought;
For us, throughout the wondering world,
Hast great salvation wrought.

13 'Twas thou, O God, who didst the sea
By thy own strength divide;
Thou brak'st the watery monsters' heads;
The waves o'erwhelmed their pride.

14 The greatest, fiercest of them all,
That seemed the deep to sway,
Was by thy power destroyed, and made
To savage beasts a prey.

15 Thou clav'st the solid rock, and mad'st
The waters largely flow;
Again, thou mad'st through parted streams
Thy wandering people go.

16 Thine is the cheerful day, and thine
The black return of night;
Thou hast prepared the glorious sun,
And every feebler light.

17 By thee the borders of the earth
In perfect order stand;
The summer's warmth, and winter's cold,
Attend on thy command.

PART III.

18 Remember, Lord, how scornful foes
Have daily urged our shame;
And how the foolish people have
Blasphemed thy holy name.

19 O! free thy mourning turtle-dove,
By sinful crowds beset;
Nor the assembly of thy poor
For evermore forget.

20 Thy ancient covenant, Lord, regard,
And make thy promise good;
For now each corner of the land
Is filled with men of blood.

21 O! let not the oppressed return
With sorrow clothed and shame;
But let the helpless and the poor
For ever praise thy name.

22 Arise, O God, in our behalf;
Thy cause and ours maintain;
Remember how insulting fools
Each day thy name profane.

23 Make thou the boastings of thy foes
For evermore to cease;
Whose insolence, if unchastised,
Will more and more increase.

PSALM 75.

1 TO thee, O God, we render praise,
To thee with thanks repair;
For that thy name to us is nigh,
Thy wondrous works declare.

2 In Israel when my throne is fixed,
With me shall justice reign;
3 The land with discord shakes, but I
The sinking frame sustain.

4 Deluded wretches I advised
Their errors to redress;

And warned bold sinners, that they should
Their swelling pride suppress.

5 Bear not yourselves so high, as if
No power could yours restrain;
Submit your stubborn necks, and learn
To speak with less disdain:—

6 For that promotion, which to gain
Your vain ambition strives,
From neither east nor west, nor yet
From southern climes, arrives.

7 For God the great Disposer is,
And sovereign Judge alone,
Who casts the proud to earth, and lifts
The humble to a throne.

8 His hand holds forth a dreadful cup;
With purple wine 'tis crowned;
The deadly mixture which his wrath
Deals out to nations round.

Of this his saints sometimes may taste;
But wicked men shall squeeze
The bitter dregs, and be condemned
To drink the very lees.

9 His prophet, I, to all the world,
This message will relate;
The justice, then, of Jacob's God
My song shall celebrate.

10 The wicked's pride I will reduce,
Their cruelty disarm;
Exalt the just, and seat him high
Above the reach of harm.

PSALM 76.

1 IN Judah the Almighty's known,
Almighty there by wonders shown,
His name in Jacob does excel:

2 His sanctuary in Salem stands;
The Majesty that heaven commands
In Sion condescends to dwell.

3 He brake the bow and arrows there,
The shield, and tempered sword, and spear;
There, slain, the mighty army lay:

4 Whence Sion's fame through earth is spread,
Of greater glory, greater dread,
Than hills where robbers lodge their prey.

5 Their valiant chiefs, who came for spoil,
Themselves met there a shameful foil:
Securely down to sleep they lay,
But waked no more; their stoutest band
Ne'er lifted one resisting hand
'Gainst his, that did their legions slay.

6 When Jacob's God began to frown,
Both horse and charioteers, o'erthrown,
Together slept in endless night:
7 When thou, whom earth and heaven revere,
Dost once with wrathful look appear,
What mortal power can stand thy sight?

8 Pronounced from heaven, earth heard its doom,
Grew hushed with fear, when thou didst come
9 The meek with justice to restore:
10 The wrath of man shall yield thee praise;
Its last attempts but serve to raise
The triumphs of almighty power.

11 Vow to the Lord, ye nations; bring
Vowed presents to the eternal King:
Thus to his name due reverence pay,
12 Who proudest potentates can quell,
To earthly kings more terrible
Than to their trembling subjects they.

PSALM 77.

1 TO God I cried, who to my help
Did graciously repair;
2 In trouble's dismal day I sought
My God with humble prayer.

All night my festering wound did run;
No med'cine gave relief;
My soul no comfort would admit;
My soul indulged her grief.

3 I thought on God, and favours past;
But that increased my pain:
I found my spirit more oppressed,
The more I did complain.

4 Through every watch of tedious night
Thou keep'st my eyes awake:
My grief is swelled to that excess,
I sigh, but cannot speak.

5 I called to mind the days of old,
With signal mercy crowned;
Those famous years of ancient times,
For miracles renowned.

6 By night I recollect my songs,
On former triumphs made;
Then search, consult, and ask my heart,
Where's now that wondrous aid?

7 Has God for ever cast us off?
Withdrawn his favours quite?
8 Are both his mercy and his truth
Retired to endless night?

9 Can his long-practised love forget
Its wonted aids to bring?
Has he in wrath shut up and sealed
His mercy's healing spring?

10 I said, My weakness hints these fears,
But I'll my fears disband;
I'll yet remember the Most High,
And years of his right hand.

11 I'll call to mind his works of old,
The wonders of his might;
12 On them my heart shall meditate;
My tongue shall them recite.

13 Safe lodged from human search on high,
O God, thy counsels are;
Who is so great a God as ours?
Who can with him compare?

14 Long since a God of wonders thee
Thy rescued people found;
15 Long since hast thou thy chosen seed
With strong deliverance crowned.

16 When thee, O God the waters saw,
The frighted billows shrunk;
The troubled depths themselves, for fear,
Beneath their channels sunk.

17 The clouds poured down, while rending skies
Did with their noise conspire;

Thy arrows all abroad were sent,
Wing'd with avenging fire.

18 Heaven with thy thunder's voice was torn,
Whilst all the lower world
With lightnings blazed; earth shook, and seemed
From her foundations hurled.

19 Through rolling streams thou find'st thy way,
Thy paths in waters lie;
Thy wondrous passage, where no sight
Thy footsteps can descry.

20 Thou ledd'st thy people, like a flock,
Safe through the desert land,
By Moses, their meek, skilful guide,
And Aaron's sacred hand.

PSALM 78.

1 HEAR, O my people; to my law
Devout attention lend;
Let the instruction of my mouth
Deep in your hearts descend.

2 My tongue, by inspiration taught,
Shall parables unfold,
Dark oracles, but understood,
And owned for truths, of old,—

3 Which we from sacred registers
Of ancient times have known,
And our forefathers' pious care
To us has handed down.

4 We will not hide them from our sons;
Our offspring shall be taught
The praises of the Lord, whose strength
Has works of wonder wrought.

5 For Jacob he this law ordained,
This league with Israel made;
With charge to be from age to age,
From race to race, conveyed;—

6 That generations yet to come
Should to their unborn heirs
Religiously transmit the same,
And they again to theirs;—

7 To teach them that in God alone
Their hope securely stands;

That they should ne'er his works forget,
  But keep his just commands ;—
8 Lest, like their fathers, they might prove
  A stiff, rebellious race,
False-hearted, fickle to their God,
  Unsteadfast in his grace.
9 Such were revolting Ephraim's sons,
  Who, though to warfare bred,
And skilful archers, armed with bows,
  From field ignobly fled.
10, 11 They falsified their league with God,
  His orders disobeyed,
Forgot his works and miracles
  Before their eyes displayed.
12 Nor wonders, which their fathers saw,
  Did they in mind retain,
Prodigious things, in Egypt done,
  And Zoan's fertile plain.
13 He cut the sea to let them pass,
  Restrained the pressing flood,
While, piled on heaps, on either side
  The solid waters stood.
14 A wondrous pillar led them on,
  Composed of shade and light ;
A shelt'ring cloud it proved by day,
  A leading fire by night.
15 When drought oppressed them, where no stream
  The wilderness supplied,
He cleft the rock, whose flinty breast
  Dissolved into a tide.
16 Streams from the solid rock he brought,
  Which down in rivers fell,
That, travelling with their camp, each day
  Renewed the miracle.
17 Yet there they sinned against him more,
  Provoking the Most High,
In that same desert where he did
  Their fainting souls supply.
18 They first incensed him in their hearts,
  That did his power distrust,
And longed for meat, not urged by want,
  But to indulge their lust ;—

19 Then uttered their blaspheming doubts;
"Can God," say they, "prepare
"A table in the wilderness,
"Set out with various fare?

20 "He smote the flinty rock, 'tis true,
"And gushing streams ensued;
"But can he corn and flesh provide
"For such a multitude?"

21 The Lord with indignation heard:
From heaven avenging flame
On Jacob fell; consuming wrath
On thankless Israel came;—

22 Because their unbelieving hearts
In God would not confide,
Nor trust his care, who had from heaven
Their wants so oft supplied;—

23 Though he had made his clouds discharge
Provisions down in showers;
And, when earth failed, relieved their needs
From his celestial stores;—

24 Though tasteful manna was rained down
Their hunger to relieve;
Though from the stores of heaven they did
Sustaining corn receive.

25 Thus man, with angels' sacred food,
Ungrateful man, was fed;
Not sparingly, for still they found
A plenteous table spread.

26 From heaven he made an east wind blow,
Then did the south command
27 To rain down flesh like dust, and fowls
Like sea's unnumbered sand.

28 Within their trenches he let fall
The luscious, easy prey,
And all around their spreading camp
The ready booty lay.

29 They fed, were filled; he gave them leave
Their appetites to feast;
30, 31 Yet still their wanton lust craved on,
Nor with their hunger ceased.

But whilst, in their luxurious mouths,
They did their dainties chew,

The wrath of God smote down their chiefs,
And Israel's chosen slew.

PART II.

32 Yet still they sinned, nor would afford
His miracles belief:
33 Therefore, through fruitless travels, he
Consumed their lives in grief.

34 When some were slain, the rest returned
To God with early cry,
35 Owned him the Rock of their defence,
Their Saviour God most high.

36 But this was feigned submission all;
Their heart their tongue belied;
37 Their heart was still perverse, nor would
Firm in his league abide.

38 Yet, full of mercy, he forgave,
Nor did with death chastise,
But turned his kindled wrath aside,
Or would not let it rise.

39 For he remembered they were flesh,
That could not long remain;
A murmuring wind, that's quickly passed,
And ne'er returns again.

40 How oft did they provoke him there,
How oft his patience grieve,
In that same desert where he did
Their fainting souls relieve!

41 They tempted him by turning back,
And wickedly repined,
When Israel's God refused to be
By their desires confined;—

42 Nor called to mind the hand and day
That their redemption brought,
43 His signs in Egypt, wondrous works
In Zoan's valley wrought.

44 He turned their rivers into blood,
That man and beast forbore,
And rather chose to die of thirst,
Than drink the putrid gore.

45 He sent devouring swarms of flies,
Hoarse frogs annoyed their soil,

46 Locusts and caterpillars reaped
The harvest of their toil.

47 Their vines with battering hail were broke,
With frost the fig-tree dies,

48 Lightning and hail made flocks and herds
One general sacrifice.

49 He turned his anger loose, and set
No time for it to cease,
And with their plagues ill angels sent,
Their torments to increase.

50 He cleared a passage for his wrath
To ravage uncontrolled;
The murrain on their firstlings seized,
In every field and fold.

51 The deadly pest from beast to man,
From field to city, came;
It slew their heirs, their eldest hopes,
Through all the tents of Ham.

52 But his own tribe, like folded sheep,
He brought from their distress,
And them conducted, like a flock,
Throughout the wilderness.

53 He led them on, and in their way
No cause of fear they found,
But marched securely through those deeps,
In which their foes were drowned.

54 Nor ceased his care, till them he brought
Safe to his promised land,
And to his holy mount, the prize
Of his victorious hand.

55 To them the outcast heathen's land
He did by lot divide,
And in their foe's abandoned tents
Made Israel's tribes reside.

PART III.

56 Yet still they tempted, still provoked
The wrath of God most high,
Nor would to practise his commands
Their stubborn hearts apply;—

57 But in their faithless fathers' steps
Perversely chose to go;

They turned aside, like arrows shot
From some deceitful bow.

58 For him to fury they provoked
With altars set on high,
And with their graven images
Inflamed his jealousy.

59 When God heard this, on Israel's tribes
His wrath and hatred fell;
60 He quitted Shiloh, and the tents
Where once he chose to dwell.

61 To vile captivity his ark,
His glory to disdain,
62 His people to the sword he gave,
Nor would his wrath restrain.

63 Destructive war their ablest youth
Untimely did confound;
No virgin to the altar led,
With nuptial garlands crowned.

64 In fight the sacrificer fell,
The priest a victim bled,
And widows, who their death should mourn,
Themselves of grief were dead.

65 Then, as a giant, roused from sleep,
Whom wine had throughly warmed,
Shouts out aloud, the Lord awaked,
And his proud foe alarmed.

66 He smote their host, that from the field
A scattered remnant came,
With wounds imprinted on their backs
Of everlasting shame.

67 With conquest crowned, he Joseph's tents
And Ephraim's tribe forsook;
68 But Judah chose, and Sion's mount
For his loved dwelling took.

69 His temple he erected there,
With spires exalted high,
While deep, and fixed, as those of earth,
The strong foundations lie.

70 His faithful servant, David, too,
He for his choice did own,
And from the sheepfolds him advanced
To sit on Judah's throne.

71 From tending on the teeming ewes
He brought him forth to feed
His own inheritance, the tribes
Of Israel's chosen seed.

72 Exalted thus, the monarch proved
A faithful shepherd still;
He fed them with an upright heart,
And guided them with skill.

PSALM 79.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen hosts
Have thy possession seized!
Thy sacred house they have defiled,
Thy holy city razed!

2 The mangled bodies of thy saints
Abroad unburied lay,
Their flesh exposed to savage beasts,
And ravenous birds of prey.

3 Quite through Jerusalem was their blood
Like common water shed,
And none were left alive to pay
Last duties to the dead.

4 The neighbouring lands our small remains
With loud reproaches wound,
And we a laughing-stock are made
To all the nations round.

5 How long wilt thou be angry, Lord?
Must we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring, jealous rage,
Like fire, for ever burn?

6 On foreign lands, that know not thee,
Thy heavy vengeance shower;
Those sinful kingdoms let it crush,
That have not owned thy power.

7 For their devouring jaws have preyed
On Jacob's chosen race,
And to a barren desert turned
Their fruitful dwelling-place.

8 O! think not on our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.

9 Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

10 Let infidels, that, scoffing, say,
"Where is the God they boast?"
In vengeance for thy slaughtered saints,
Perceive thee to their cost.

11 Lord, hear the sighing prisoner's moans,
Thy saving power extend,
Preserve the wretches doomed to die
From that untimely end.

12 On them who us oppress let all
Our sufferings be repaid;
Make their confusion seven times more
Than what on us they laid.

13 So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name,
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

PSALM 80.

1 O ISRAEL'S Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,
Our prayers to thee vouchsafe to hear;
Thou that dost on the Cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

2 Behold how Benjamin expects,
With Ephraim and Manasseh joined,
In our deliverance the effects
Of thy resistless strength to find.

3 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

4 O thou, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?
How long thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

5 When hungry, we are forced to drench
Our scanty food in floods of woe;
When dry, our raging thirst we quench
With streams of tears that largely flow.

6 For us the heathen nations round,
As for a common prey, contest;
Our foes with spiteful joys abound,
And at our lost condition jest.

7 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

PART II.

8 Thou brought'st a vine from Egypt's land,
And, casting out the heathen race,
Didst plant it with thine own right hand,
And firmly fix it in their place.

9 Before it thou prepar'dst the way,
And mad'st it take a lasting root,
Which, blessed with thy indulgent ray,
O'er all the land did widely shoot.

10, 11 The hills were covered with its shade,
Its goodly boughs did cedars seem;
Its branches to the sea were spread,
And reached to proud Euphrates' stream.

12 Why, then, hast thou its hedge o'erthrown,
Which thou hadst made so firm and strong?
Whilst all its grapes, defenceless grown,
Are plucked by those that pass along.

13 See how the bristling forest boar,
With dreadful fury, lays it waste!
Hark! how the savage monsters roar,
And to their helpless prey make haste!

PART III.

14 To thee, O God of hosts, we pray;
Thy wonted goodness, Lord, renew;
From heaven, thy throne, this vine survey,
And her sad state with pity view.

15 Behold the vineyard made by thee,
Which thy right hand did guard so long,
And keep that branch from danger free,
Which for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

16 To wasting flames 'tis made a prey,
And all its spreading boughs cut down;

At thy rebuke they soon decay,
And perish at thy dreadful frown.

17 Crown thou the King with good success,
By thy right hand secured from wrong;
The Son of man in mercy bless,
Whom for thyself thou mad'st so strong.

18 So shall we still continue free
From whatsoe'er deserves thy blame,
And, if once more revived by thee,
Will always praise thy holy name.

19 Do thou convert us, Lord; do thou
The lustre of thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM 81.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
With loud applauses sing,
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

2 Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.

3 Let trumpets, at the great new moon,
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate the appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

4 For this a statute was, of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious care observed
By Israel's chosen seed.

5 This he for a memorial fixed,
When, freed from Egypt's land,
Strange nations' barbarous speech we heard,
But could not understand.

6 Your burdened shoulders I relieved,
(Thus seems our God to say;)
Your servile hands by me were freed
From labouring in the clay.

7 Your ancestors, with wrongs oppressed,
To me for aid did call:

With pity I their sufferings saw,
And set them free from all.

They sought for me, and, from the cloud,
In thunder I replied;
At Meribah's contentious stream
Their faith and duty tried.

PART II.

8 While I my solemn will declare,
My chosen people, hear:
If thou, O Israel, to my words
Wilt lend thy listening ear,—

9 Then shall no god besides myself
Within thy coasts be found,
Nor shalt thou worship any god
Of all the nations round.

10 The Lord thy God am I, who thee
Brought forth from Egypt's land;
'Tis I that all thy just desires
Supply with liberal hand.

11 But they, my chosen race, refused
To hearken to my voice;
Nor would rebellious Israel's sons
Make me their happy choice.

12 So I, provoked, resigned them up,
To every lust a prey,
And in their own perverse designs
Permitted them to stray.

13 O that my people wisely would
My just commandments heed!
And Israel in my righteous ways
With pious care proceed!

14 Then should my heavy judgments fall
On all that them oppose,
And my avenging hand be turned
Against their numerous foes.

15 Their enemies and mine should all
Before my footstool bend;
But as for them, their happy state
Should never know an end.

16 All parts with plenty should abound;
With finest wheat their field:

The barren rocks, to please their taste,
Should richest honey yield.

PSALM 82.

1 GOD in the great assembly stands,
Where his impartial eye
In state surveys the earthly gods,
And does their judgments try.

2, 3 How dare ye, then, unjustly judge,
Or be to sinners kind?
Defend the orphans and the poor;
Let such your justice find.

4 Protect the humble, helpless man,
Reduced to deep distress;
And let not him become a prey
To such as would oppress.

5 They neither know, nor will they learn,
But blindly rove and stray;
Justice and truth, the world's supports,
Through all the land decay.

6 Well, then, might God in anger say,
"I've called you by my name;
"I've said, Ye're gods, and all allied
"To the Most High in fame;—

7 "But, ne'ertheless, your unjust deeds
"To strict account I'll call;
"You all shall die like common men,
"Like other tyrants fall."

8 Arise, and thy just judgments, Lord,
Throughout the earth display,
And all the nations of the world
Shall own thy righteous sway.

PSALM 83.

1 HOLD not thy peace, O Lord our God,
No longer silent be;
Nor, with consenting, quiet looks,
Our ruin calmly see.

2 For, lo! the tumults of thy foes
O'er all the land are spread,
And those who hate thy saints and thee
Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against thy zealous people, Lord,
They craftily combine,
And to destroy thy chosen saints
Have laid their close design.

4 "Come, let us cut them off," say they,
"Their nation quite deface,
"That no remembrance may remain
"Of Israel's hated race."

5 Thus they against thy people's peace
Consult with one consent;
And differing nations, jointly leagued,
Their common malice vent.

6 The Ishmaelites, that dwell in tents,
With warlike Edom joined,
And Moab's sons, our ruin vow,
With Hagar's race combined.

7 Proud Ammon's offspring, Gebal too,
With Amalek conspire,
The lords of Palestine, and all
The wealthy sons of Tyre.

8 All these the strong Assyrian king
Their firm ally have got,
Who, with a powerful army, aids
The incestuous race of Lot.

PART II.

9 But let such vengeance come to them
As once to Midian came,
To Jabin and proud Sisera,
At Kishon's fatal stream,—

10 When thy right hand their numerous hosts
Near Endor did confound,
And left their carcasses for dung
To feed the hungry ground.

11 Let all their mighty men the fate
Of Zeb and Oreb share;
As Zeba and Zalmuna, so
Let all their princes fare,—

12 Who, with the same design inspired,
Thus, vainly boasting, spake:
"In firm possession for ourselves
"Let us God's houses take."

13 To ruin let them haste, like wheels
Which downward swiftly move;
Like chaff before the wind, let all
Their scattered forces prove.

14, 15 As flames consume dry wood, or heath,
That on parched mountains grows,
So let thy fierce pursuing wrath
With terrors strike thy foes.

16, 17 Lord, shroud their faces with disgrace,
That they may own thy name;
Or them confound, whose hardened hearts
Thy gentler means disclaim.

18 So shall the wondering world confess,
That thou, who claim'st alone
Jehovah's name, o'er all the earth
Hast raised thy lofty throne.

PSALM 84.

1 O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is the place
Where thou, enthroned in glory, show'st
The brightness of thy face!

2 My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blessed abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

3 The birds, more happy far than I,
Around thy temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
Securely hatch their young.

4 O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blessed are they,
Who in thy temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

5 Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
Their sure protection made,
Who long to tread the sacred ways
That to thy dwelling lead!—

6 Who pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
Yet no refreshment want;
Their pools are filled with rain, which thou
At their request dost grant.

7 Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
And still approach more near,
Till all on Zion's holy mount,
Before their God, appear.

8 O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
My just request regard:
Thou God of Jacob, let my prayer
Be still with favour heard.

9 Behold, O God, for thou alone
Canst timely aid dispense;
On thy anointed servant look;
Be thou his strong Defence.

10 For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides,
A thousand days to spend.

Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.

11 For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
Will grace and glory give;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.

12 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blessed is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely placed,
Is still reposed on thee!

PSALM 85.

1 LORD, thou hast granted to thy land
The favours we implored,
And faithful Jacob's captive race
Hast graciously restored.

2, 3 Thy people's sins thou hast forgiven,
And all their guilt defaced;
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce anger last.

4 O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn,
That, quenched with our repenting tears,
Thy wrath no more may burn.

5, 6 For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

7 Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implored;
And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

8 God's answer patiently I'll wait;
For he, with glad success,
If they no more to folly turn,
His mourning saints will bless.

9 To all that fear his holy name
His sure salvation's near,
And in its former happy state
Our nation shall appear.

10 For mercy now with truth is joined;
And righteousness with peace,
Like kind companions, absent long,
With friendly arms embrace.

11, 12 Truth from the earth shall spring, whilst heaven
Shall streams of justice pour;
And God, from whom all goodness flows,
Shall endless plenty shower.

13. Before him righteousness shall march,
And his just paths prepare,
Whilst we his holy steps pursue
With constant zeal and care.

PSALM 86.

1 TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline;
Hear me, distressed, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

2 Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy name adore;
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

3 To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend;
4 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

5 Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
  But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous mercy to all those
  Who for thy mercy sue.

6 To my repeated humble prayer,
  O Lord, attentive be;
7 When troubled, I on thee will call,
  For thou wilt answer me.

8 Among the gods there's none like thee,
  O Lord, alone divine!
To thee as much inferior they,
  As are their works to thine.

9 Therefore their great Creator, thee,
  The nations shall adore;
Their long misguided prayers and praise
  To thy blessed name restore.

10 All shall confess thee great, and great
  The wonders thou hast done;
Confess thee God, the God supreme;
  Confess thee God alone.

PART II.

11 Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
  From truth shall ne'er depart;
In reverence to thy sacred name
  Devoutly fix my heart.

12 Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
  Praise thee with heart sincere,
And to thy everlasting name
  Eternal trophies rear.

13 Thy boundless mercy shown to me
  Transcends my power to tell,
For thou hast oft redeemed my soul
  From lowest depths of hell.

14 O God, the sons of pride and strife
  Have my destruction sought,
Regardless of thy power, that oft
  Has my deliverance wrought.

15 But thou thy constant goodness didst
  To my assistance bring,
Of patience, mercy, and of truth.
  Thou everlasting Spring!

16 O bounteous Lord, thy grace and strength
To me, thy servant, show;
Thy kind protection, Lord, on me,
Thine handmaid's son, bestow.

17 Some signal give, which my proud foes
May see with shame and rage,
When thou, O Lord, for my relief
And comfort dost engage.

PSALM 87.

1 GOD'S temple crowns the holy mount;
The Lord there condescends to dwell;
2 His Sion's gates, in his account,
Our Israel's fairest tents excel.
3 Fame glorious things of thee shall sing,
O city of the Almighty King!

4 I'll mention Rahab with due praise,
In Babylon's applauses join,
The fame of Ethiopia raise,
With that of Tyre and Palestine;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their age and country did adorn.

5 But still of Sion I'll aver,
That many such from her proceed;
The Almighty shall establish her;
6 His general list shall show, when read,
That such a person there was born,
And such did such an age adorn.

7 He'll Sion find with numbers filled
Of such as merit high renown;
For hand and voice musicians skilled;
And (her transcending fame to crown)
Of such she shall successions bring,
Like water from a living spring.

PSALM 88.

1 TO thee, my God and Saviour, I,
By day and night, address my cry;
2 Vouchsafe my mournful voice to hear;
To my distress incline thine ear.

3 For seas of trouble me invade,
My soul draws nigh to death's cold shade;

4 Like one whose strength and hopes are fled,
They number me among the dead;—
5 Like those who, shrouded in the grave,
From thee no more remembrance have;
6 Cast off from thy sustaining care,
Down to the confines of despair.

7 Thy wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with restless pain;
Me all thy mountain waves have pressed,
Too weak, alas! to bear the least.

8 Removed from friends, I sigh alone,
In a loathed dungeon laid, where none
A visit will vouchsafe to me,
Confined, past hopes of liberty.

9 My eyes from weeping never cease;
They waste, but still my griefs increase;
Yet daily, Lord, to thee I've prayed,
With out-stretched hands invoked thy aid.

10 Wilt thou by miracle revive
The dead, whom thou forsook'st alive?
From death restore, thy praise to sing,
Whom thou from prison would'st not bring?

11 Shall the mute grave thy love confess?
A mouldering tomb thy faithfulness?
12 Thy truth and power renown obtain
Where darkness and oblivion reign?

13 To thee, O Lord, I cry forlorn;
My prayer prevents the early morn:
14 Why hast thou, Lord, my soul forsook,
Nor once vouchsafed a gracious look?

15 Prevailing sorrows bear me down,
Which from my youth with me have grown;
Thy terrors passed distract my mind,
And fears of blacker days behind.

16 Thy wrath has burst upon my head,
Thy terrors fill my soul with dread,
17 Environed as with waves combined,
And for a general deluge joined;—

18 My lovers, friends, familiars, all
Removed from sight, and out of call,
To dark oblivion all retired,
Dead, or, at least, to me expired.

PSALM 89.

1 THY mercies, Lord, shall be my song;
My song on them shall ever dwell;
To ages yet unborn, my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.

2 I have affirmed, and still maintain,
Thy mercy shall for ever last;
Thy truth, that does the heavens sustain,
Like them shall stand for ever fast.

3 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice:—
"With David I a league have made;
"To him, my servant, and my choice,
"By solemn oath this grant conveyed:

4 "While earth, and seas, and skies endure,
"Thy seed shall in my sight remain;
"To them thy throne I will ensure;
"They shall to endless ages reign."

5 For such stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By choirs of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.

6 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who, among the gods of earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?

7 With reverence and religious dread,
His saints should to his temple press;
His fear through all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty name confess.

8 Lord God of armies, who can boast
Of strength or power like thine renowned?
Of such a numerous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?

9 Thou dost the lawless sea control,
And change the prospect of the deep;
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.

10 Thou brak'st in pieces Rahab's pride,
And didst oppressing power disarm;
Thy scattered foes have dearly tried
The force of thy resistless arm.

11 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven; thee, Lord, alone,
The world, and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.

12 The poles, on which the globe does rest,
Were formed by thy creating voice;
Tabor and Hermon, east and west,
In thy sustaining power rejoice.

13 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign;
14 Possessed of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain.

15 Happy, thrice happy, they, who hear
Thy sacred trumpet's joyful sound,
Who may at festivals appear,
With thy most glorious presence crowned.

16 Thy saints shall always be o'erjoyed,
Who on thy sacred name rely,
And, in thy righteousness employed,
Above their foes be raised on high.

17 For in thy strength they shall advance,
Whose conquests from thy favour spring;
18 The Lord of hosts is our Defence,
And Israel's God our Israel's King.

19 Thus spak'st thou by thy prophet's voice:—
"A mighty champion I will send;
"From Judah's tribe have I made choice
"Of one, who shall the rest defend.

20 "My servant David I have found,
"With holy oil anointed him;
21 "Him shall the hand support that crowned,
"And guard, that gave the diadem.

22 "No prince from him shall tribute force,
"No son of strife shall him annoy;
23 "His spiteful foes I will disperse,
"And them before his face destroy.

24 "My truth and grace shall him sustain;
"His armies, in well-ordered ranks,
25 "Shall conquer from the Tyrian main
"To Tigris' and Euphrates' banks.

26 "Me for his Father he shall take,
"His God and Rock of safety call;

27 "Him I my first-born son will make,
"And earthly kings his subjects all.

28 "To him my mercy I'll secure,
"My covenant make for ever fast;

29 "His seed for ever shall endure;
"His throne, till heaven dissolves, shall last.

PART II.

30 "But if his heirs my law forsake,
"And from my sacred precepts stray;

31 "If they my righteous statutes break,
"Nor strictly my commands obey;—

32 "Their sins I'll visit with a rod,
"And for their folly make them smart,

33 "Yet will not cease to be their God,
"Nor from my truth, like them, depart.

34 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
"But in remembrance fast retain;
"The thing that once my lips have spoke
"Shall in eternal force remain.

35 "Once have I sworn, but once for all,
"And made my holiness the tie,
"That I my grant will ne'er recall,
"Nor to my servant David lie,—

36 "Whose throne and race the constant sun
"Shall, like his course, established see:

37 "Of this my oath, thou conscious moon,
"In heaven my faithful witness be."

38 Such was thy gracious promise, Lord;
But thou hast now our tribes forsook,
Thy own Anointed hast abhorred,
And turned on him thy wrathful look.

39 Thou seemest to have rendered void
The covenant with thy servant made;
Thou hast his dignity destroyed,
And in the dust his honour laid.

40 Of strong holds thou hast him bereft,
And brought his bulwarks to decay;

41 His frontier coasts defenceless left,
A public scorn, and common prey.

42 His ruin does glad triumphs yield
To foes, advanced by thee to might;

43 Thou hast his conquering sword unsteeled,
His valour turned to shameful flight.

44 His glory is to darkness fled,
His throne is levelled with the ground;
45 His youth to wretched bondage led,
With shame o'erwhelmed, and sorrow drowned.

46 How long shall we thy absence mourn?
Wilt thou for ever, Lord, retire?
Shall thy consuming anger burn,
Till that and we at once expire?

47 Consider, Lord, how short a space
Thou dost for mortal life ordain;
No method to prolong the race,
But loading it with grief and pain.

48 What man is he that can control
Death's strict, unalterable doom?
Or rescue from the grave his soul,
The grave, that must mankind entomb?

49 Lord, where's thy love, thy boundless grace,
The oath to which thy truth did seal,
Consigned to David and his race,
The grant which time shall ne'er repeal?

50 See how thy servants treated are
With infamy, reproach and spite,
Which in my silent breast I bear,
From nations of licentious might;—

51 How they, reproaching thy great name,
Have made thy servant's hope their jest;
52 Yet thy just praises we'll proclaim,
And ever sing, The Lord be blessed.

PSALM 90.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure Abiding-place.

2 Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or the earth and world didst frame,
Thou always wast the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

3 Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made;

And when thou speak'st the word, Return,
'Tis instantly obeyed.

4 For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's passed,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.

5 Thou sweep'st us off as with a flood;
We vanish hence like dreams:
At first we grow like grass that feels
The sun's reviving beams;—

6 But, howsoever fresh and fair
Its morning beauty shows,
'Tis all cut down, and withered quite,
Before the evening close.

7, 8 We by thine anger are consumed,
And by thy wrath dismayed;
Our public crimes and secret sins
Before thy sight are laid.

9 Beneath thy anger's sad effects
Our drooping days we spend;
Our unregarded years break off
Like tales that quickly end.

10 Our term of time is seventy years,
An age that few survive;
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive,—

Yet then our boasted strength decays,
To sorrow turned and pain;
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PART II.

11 But who thy anger's dread effects
Does, as he ought, revere?
And yet thy wrath does fall or rise,
As more or less we fear.

12 So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
May ever be inclined.

13 O! to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent!

As we forsake our sins, do thou
Revoke our punishment.

14 To satisfy and cheer our souls,
Thy early mercy send,
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

15 Let happy times, with large amends,
Dry up our former tears,
Or equal, at the least, the term
Of our afflicted years.

16 To all thy servants, Lord, let this,
Thy wondrous work, be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious power be shown.

17 Let thy bright rays upon us shine,
Give thou our works success;
The glorious work we have in hand
Do thou vouchsafe to bless.

PSALM 91.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturbed abide:

2 Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my Fortress and my Stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.

3 His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence:

4 He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.

5 No terrors, that surprise by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts, that fly by day;

6 Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills,
That in the hottest season slay.

7 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouched remains;

8 Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's dismal tragedy,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.

9 Because, with well-placed confidence,
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure Defence,
And on the Highest dost rely,—
10 Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plagues draw nigh.

11 For he, throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways,
Shall give his angels strict commands;
12 And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

13 Dragons and asps, that thirst for blood,
And lions, roaring for their food,
Beneath his conquering feet shall lie:
14 Because he loved and honoured me,
Therefore, says God, I'll set him free,
And fix his glorious throne on high.

15 He'll call: I'll answer when he calls,
And rescue him when ill befalls;
Increase his honour and his wealth:
16 And when, with undisturbed content,
His long and happy life is spent,
His end I'll crown with saving health.

PSALM 92.

1 HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high,
And, with repeated hymns of praise,
His name to magnify!—

2 With every morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate;
And of his constant truth, each night,
The glad effects repeat!

3 To ten-stringed instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalteries joined;
And to the harp, with solemn sounds,
For sacred use designed.

4 For, through thy wondrous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.

5, 6 How wondrous are thy works, O Lord!
How deep are thy decrees!
Whose winding tracts, in secret laid,
No stupid sinner sees.

7 He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short-lived splendour must
For ever pass away.

8, 9 But thou, my God, art still most high;
And all thy lofty foes,
Who thought they might securely sin,
Shall be o'erwhelmed with woes;—

10 Whilst thou exalt'st my sovereign power,
And mak'st it largely spread,
And with refreshing oil anoint'st
My consecrated head.

11 I soon shall see my stubborn foes
To utter ruin brought,
And hear the dismal end of those
Who have against me fought.

12 But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
Shall make a glorious show,
As cedars that on Lebanon
In stately order grow.

13, 14 These, planted in the house of God,
Within his courts shall thrive;
Their vigour and their lustre both
Shall in old age revive.

15 Thus will the Lord his justice show,
And God, my strong Defence,
Shall due rewards to all the world
Impartially dispense.

PSALM 93.

1 WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundation strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

PSALM 94.

2 How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
Which shall no change nor period see!
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
Art God from all eternity!

3, 4 The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

5 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM 94.

1, 2 O GOD, to whom revenge belongs,
Thy vengeance now disclose;
Arise, thou Judge of all the earth,
And crush thy haughty foes.

3, 4 How long, O Lord, shall sinful men
Their solemn triumphs make?
How long their wicked actions boast,
And insolently speak?

5, 6 Not only they thy saints oppress,
But, unprovoked, they spill
The widow's and the stranger's blood,
And helpless orphans kill.

7 "And yet the Lord shall ne'er perceive,"
Profanely thus they speak,
"Nor any notice of our deeds
"The God of Jacob take."

8 At length, ye stupid fools, your wants
Endeavour to discern:
In folly will you still proceed,
And wisdom never learn?

9, 10 Can he be deaf, who formed the ear?
Or blind, who framed the eye?
Shall earth's great Judge not punish those
Who his known will defy?

11 He fathoms all the thoughts of men;
To him their hearts lie bare;
His eye surveys them all, and sees
How vain their counsels are.

PART II.

12 Blessed is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

13 This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress;
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

14 For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

15 The world shall then confess thee just
In all that thou hast done;
And those that choose thy upright ways
Shall in those paths go on.

16 Who will appear in my behalf,
When wicked men invade?
Or who, when sinners would oppress,
My righteous cause shall plead?

17, 18, 19 Long since had I in silence slept,
But that the Lord was near,
To stay me when I slipped; when sad,
My troubled heart to cheer.

20 Wilt thou, who art a God most just,
Their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
Their wicked ends to gain?

21 Against the lives of righteous men
They form their close design;
And, blood of innocents to spill,
In solemn league combine.

22 But my defence is firmly placed
In God, the Lord most high:
He is my Rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

23 The Lord shall cause their ill designs
On their own heads to fall;
He in their sins shall cut them off;
Our God shall slay them all.

PSALM 95.

1 O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favours passed;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 For God the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is, with unrivalled glory, great;
A King superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.

4 The depths of earth are in his hand,
Her secret wealth at his command;
The strength of hills that reach the skies
Subjected to his empire lies.

5 The rolling ocean's vast abyss,
By the same sovereign right, is his;
'Tis moved by his almighty hand,
That formed and fixed the solid land.

6 O! let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly, all,
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

7 For he's our God, our Shepherd he;
His flock and pasture sheep are we:
If then you'll, like his flock, draw near,
To-day, if you his voice will hear,—

8 Let not your hardened hearts renew
Your fathers' crimes and judgments too;
Nor here provoke my wrath, as they
In desert plains of Meribah.

9 When through the wilderness they moved,
And me with fresh temptations proved,
They still, through unbelief, rebelled,
Whilst they my wondrous works beheld.

10 They forty years my patience grieved,
Though daily I their wants relieved.
Then—'Tis a faithless race, I said,
Whose heart from me has always strayed:—

11 They ne'er will tread my righteous path:
Therefore to them, in settled wrath,
Since they despised my rest, I sware,
That they should never enter there.

PSALM 96.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song;
Let earth, in one assembled throng,
Her common Patron's praise resound:
2 Sing to the Lord, and bless his name;
From day to day his praise proclaim,
Who us has with salvation crowned:
3 To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
His wonders to the universe.
4 He's great, and greatly to be praised;
In majesty and glory raised
Above all other deities:
5 For pageantry and idols all
Are they, whom gods the heathen call;
He only rules, who made the skies:
6 With majesty and honour crowned,
Beauty and strength his throne surround.
7 Be therefore both to him restored
By you, who have false gods adored;
Ascribe due honour to his name:
8 Peace-offerings on his altar lay,
Before his throne your homage pay,
Which he, and he alone, can claim;
9 To worship at his sacred court,
Let all the trembling world resort.
10 Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
Whose power the universe sustains,
And banished justice will restore;
11 Let, therefore, heaven new joys confess;
And heavenly mirth let earth express;
Its loud applause the ocean roar;
Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
And for this triumph find a voice.
12 For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring,
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
13 The Lord's approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out, with awful state,
His circuit through the earth to take:

PSALM 97.

From heaven to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM 97.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; let all the earth
In his just government rejoice;
Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
In his applause unite their voice.

2 Darkness, and clouds of awful shade,
His dazzling glory shroud in state;
Justice and truth his guards are made,
And fixed by his pavilion wait.

3 Devouring fire, before his face,
His foes around with vengeance struck;
4 His lightnings set the world on blaze;
Earth saw it, and with terror shook.

5 The proudest hills his presence felt;
Their height nor strength could help afford;
The proudest hills like wax did melt
In presence of the Almighty Lord.

6 The heavens, his righteousness to show,
With storms of fire our foes pursued,
And all the trembling world below
Have his descending glory viewed.

7 Confounded be their impious host,
Who make the gods to whom they pray;
All who of pageant idols boast:
To him, ye gods, your worship pay.

8 Glad Sion of thy triumph heard,
And Judah's daughters were o'erjoyed,
Because thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Have pagan pride and power destroyed.

9 For thou, O God, art seated high,
Above earth's potentates enthroned;
Thou, Lord, unrivalled in the sky,
Supreme by all the gods art owned.

10 Ye who to serve this Lord aspire,
Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem;
He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
And them from wicked hands redeem.

11 For seeds are sown of glorious light,
A future harvest for the just,

And gladness for the heart that's right,
To recompense its pious trust.

12 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his holiness
Deep in your faithful breasts record,
And with your thankful tongues confess.

PSALM 98.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

2 The Lord has through the astonished world
Displayed his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen's sight.

3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide earth's remotest parts the power
Of Israel's God have seen.

4 Let, therefore, earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise;
And all, with universal joy,
Resound their Maker's praise.

5 With harp and hymn's soft melody,
Into the concert bring
6 The trumpet and shrill cornet's sound,
Before the Almighty King.

7 Let the loud ocean roar her joy,
With all the seas contain;
The earth, and her inhabitants,
Join concert with the main.

8 With joy let riv'lets swell to streams,
To spreading torrents they,
And echoing vales from hill to hill
Redoubled shouts convey,—

9 To welcome down the world's great Judge,
Who does with justice come,
And with impartial equity,
Both to reward and doom.

PSALM 99.

1 JEHOVAH reigns; let therefore all
The guilty nations quake:
On cherub's wings he sits enthroned;
Let earth's foundations shake.

2 On Sion's hill he keeps his court,
His palace makes her towers;
Yet thence his sovereignty extends
Supreme o'er earthly powers.

3 Let, therefore, all with praise address
His great and dreadful name;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness proclaim.

4 For truth and justice, in his reign,
Of strength and power take place;
His judgments are with righteousness
Dispensed to Jacob's race.

5 Therefore exalt the Lord our God;
Before his footstool fall;
And, with his unresisted might,
His holiness extol.

6 Moses and Aaron thus, of old,
Among his priests adored;
Among his prophets, Samuel thus
His sacred name implored.

Distressed, upon the Lord they called,
Who ne'er their suit denied;
But, as with reverence they implored,
He graciously replied.

7 For with their camp, to guide their march,
The cloudy pillar moved;
They kept his law, and to his will
Obedient servants proved.

8 He answered them, forgiving oft
His people for their sake,
And those who rashly them opposed
Did sad examples make.

9 With worship, at his sacred courts,
Exalt our God and Lord;
For he, who only holy is,
Alone should be adored.

PSALM 100.

1, 2 WITH one consent, let all the earth
To God their cheerful voices rais :
Glad homage pay, with awful mirth,
And sing before him songs of praise ;—

3 Convinced that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

4 O ! enter, then, his temple gate ;
Thence to his courts devoutly press ;
And still your grateful hymns repeat,
And still his name with praises bless ;—

5 For he's the Lord, supremely good ;
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth, which always firmly stood,
To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM 101.

1 OF mercy's never-failing spring,
And steadfast judgment, I will sing ;
And, since they both to thee belong,
To thee, O Lord, address my song.

2 When, Lord, thou shalt with me reside,
Wise discipline my reign shall guide ;
With blameless life myself I'll make
A pattern for my court to take.

3 No ill design will I pursue,
Nor those my favourites make that do :
4 Who to reproof has no regard,
Him will I totally discard.

5 The private slanderer shall be
In public justice doomed by me :
From haughty looks I'll turn aside,
And mortify the heart of pride.

6 But Honesty, called from her cell,
In splendour at my court shall dwell :
Who virtue's practice make their care
Shall have the first preferments there.

7 No politics shall recommend
His country's foe to be my friend :

None e'er shall to my favour rise,
By flattering or malicious lies.

8 All those who wicked courses take,
An early sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, destroy, till none remain
God's holy city to profane.

PSALM 102.

1 WHEN I pour out my soul in prayer,
Do thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.

2 O! hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress:
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrow soon redress.

3 Each cloudy portion of my life,
Like scattered smoke, expires;
My shrivelled bones are like a hearth,
Parched with continual fires.

4 My heart, like grass that feels the blast
Of some infectious wind,
Does languish so with grief, that scarce
My needful food I mind.

5 By reason of my sad estate,
I spend my breath in groans;
My flesh is worn away, my skin
Scarce hides my starting bones.

6 I'm like a pelican become,
That does in deserts mourn;
Or like an owl, that sits all day
On barren trees forlorn.

7 In watchings, or in restless dreams,
The night by me is spent,
As by those solitary birds,
That lonesome roofs frequent.

8 All day, by railing foes, I'm made
The subject of their scorn;
Who all, possessed with furious rage,
Have my destruction sworn.

9 When grovelling on the ground I lie,
Oppressed with grief and fears,

My bread is strewed with ashes o'er,
My drink is mixed with tears.

10 Because on me with double weight
Thy heavy wrath doth lie;
For thou, to make my fall more great,
Didst lift me up on high.

11 My days, just hastening to their end,
Are like an evening shade;
My beauty does like withered grass,
With waning lustre fade.

12 But thy eternal state, O Lord,
No length of time shall waste;
The memory of thy wondrous works
From age to age shall last.

13 Thou shalt arise, and Sion view,
With an unclouded face;
For now her time is come, thy own
Appointed day of grace.

14 Her scattered ruins by thy saints
With pity are surveyed;
They grieve to see her lofty spires
In dust and rubbish laid.

15, 16 The name and glory of the Lord
All heathen kings shall fear,
When he shall Sion build again,
And in full state appear.

17, 18 When he regards the poor's request
Nor slights their earnest prayer,
Our sons, for their recorded grace,
Shall his just praise declare.

19 For God, from his abode on high,
His gracious beams displayed;
The Lord, from heaven, his lofty throne,
Hath all the earth surveyed.

20 He listened to the captives' moans,
He heard their mournful cry,
And freed, by his resistless power,
The wretches doomed to die;—

21 That they in Sion, where he dwells,
Might celebrate his fame,
And through the holy city sing
Loud praises to his name;—

22 When all the tribes, assembling there,
Their solemn vows address,
And neighbouring lands, with glad consent,
The Lord their God confess.

23 But, ere my race is run, my strength,
Through his fierce wrath, decays;
He has, when all my wishes bloomed,
Cut short my hopeful days.

24 Lord, end not thou my life, said I,
When half is scarcely passed;
Thy years, from worldly changes free,
To endless ages last.

25 The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heaven
With wondrous skill have made.

26, 27 Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away,
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay:—

Like that, when thou ordain'st their change,
To thy command they bend;
But thou continuest still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

28 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give,
Whose happy race, securely fixed,
Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM 103.

1, 2 MY soul, inspired with sacred love,
God's holy name for ever bless;
Of all his favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful thanks express.

3, 4 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
And, after sickness, makes thee sound;
From danger he thy life retrieves,
By him with grace and mercy crowned.

5, 6 He with good things thy mouth supplies,
Thy vigour, eagle-like, renews;
He, when the guiltless sufferer cries,
His foe with just revenge pursues.

7 God made, of old, his righteous ways
To Moses and our fathers known;
His works, to his eternal praise,
Were to the sons of Jacob shown.

8 The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace;
His wakened wrath doth slowly move,
His willing mercy flies apace.

9, 10 God will not always harshly chide,
But with his anger quickly part;
And loves his punishments to guide
More by his love than our desert.

11 As high as heaven its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small respects that we can pay.

12, 13 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far has he our sins removed,
Who, with a father's tender breast,
Has such as feared him always loved.

14, 15 For God, who all our frame surveys,
Considers that we are but clay;
How fresh soe'er we seem, our days,
Like grass or flowers, must fade away.

16, 17 Whilst they are nipped with sudden blasts,
Nor can we find their former place,
God's faithful mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear him and their race.

18 This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed way,
And who not only know his will,
But to it just obedience pay.

19, 20 The Lord, the universal King,
In heaven has fixed his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,
In whose great strength his power is shown.

Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will,
21 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

22 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord; and thou, my heart,

With grateful joy, thy thanks express,
And in this concert bear thy part.

PSALM 104.

1 BLESS God, my soul: thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds;
With honour thou art crowned; thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heaven's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-winged steeds with which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heaven's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assigned,
All proud to serve their Sovereign's will.

5, 6 Earth, on her centre fixed, he set,
Her face with waters overspread;
Nor proudest mountains dared as yet
To lift above the waves their head.

7 But, when thy awful face appeared,
The insulting waves dispersed; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confessed their dread.

8 Thence up, by secret tracks, they creep,
And, gushing from the mountain's side,
Through valleys travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.

9 There hast thou fixed the ocean's bounds,
The threatening surges to repel;
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
Nor to a second deluge swell.

PART II.

10 Yet thence, in smaller parties drawn,
The sea recovers her lost hills;
And starting springs, from every lawn,
Surprise the vales with plenteous rills.

11 The field's tame beasts are thither led,
Weary with labour, faint with drought;
And asses, on wild mountains bred,
Have sense to find these currents out.

12 There shady trees from scorching beams
Yield shelter to the feathered throng;
They drink, and to the bounteous streams
Return the tribute of their song.

13 His rains from heaven parched hills recruit,
That soon transmit the liquid store,
Till earth is burdened with her fruit,
And nature's lap can hold no more.

14 Grass, for our cattle to devour,
He makes the growth of every field;
Herbs, for man's use, of various power,
That either food or physic yield.

15 With clustered grapes he crowns the vine,
To cheer man's heart, oppressed with cares;
Gives oil, that makes his face to shine,
And corn, that wasted strength repairs.

PART III.

16 The trees of God, without the care
Or art of man, with sap are fed;
The mountain cedar looks as fair
As those in royal gardens bred.

17 Safe, in the lofty cedar's arms
The wanderers of the air may rest;
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.

18 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
Its towering heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.

19 The moon's inconstant aspect shows
The appointed seasons of the year;
The instructed sun his duty knows,
His hours to rise and disappear.

20, 21 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To Providence, that sends them prey.

22 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
Till, summoned by the rising morn,
To skulk in dens, with one consent,
The conscious ravagers return.

23 Forth to the tillage of his soil
The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.

24 How various, Lord, thy works are found,
For which thy wisdom we adore!
The earth is with thy treasure crowned,
Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

PART IV.

25 But still the vast, unfathomed main
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of every form, and every size.

26 Full-freighted ships, from every port,
There cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, has compass there to play.

27 These various troops of sea and land
In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
And have their daily alms from thee.

28 They gather what thy stores disperse,
Without their trouble to provide;
Thou op'st thy hand, the universe,
The craving world, is all supplied.

29 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
The numerous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
Forthwith to mother earth return.

30 Again thou send'st thy spirit forth
To inspire the mass with vital seed;
Nature's restored, and parent earth
Smiles on her new-created breed.

31 Thus, through successive ages, stands,
Firm fixed, thy providential care;
Pleased with the work of thy own hands,
Thou dost the waste of time repair.

32 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke
In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.

33 In praising God, while he prolongs
My breath, I will that breath employ;
34 And join devotion to my songs,
Sincere, as in him is my joy.

35 While sinners from earth's face are hurled,
My soul, praise thou his holy name,
Till with my song the listening world
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

PSALM 105.

1 O RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord;
Invoke his sacred name;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns;
His wondrous works rehearse;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

3 Rejoice in his Almighty name,
Alone to be adored;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
That humbly seek the Lord.

4 Seek ye the Lord; his saving strength
Devoutly still implore;
And, where he's ever present, seek
His face for evermore.

5 The wonders that his hands have wrought
Keep thankfully in mind,
The righteous statutes of his mouth,
And laws to us assigned.

6 Know ye, his servant Abra'm's seed,
And Jacob's chosen race,
7 He's still our God, his judgments still
Throughout the earth take place.

8 His covenant he hath kept in mind
For numerous ages passed,
Which yet, for thousand ages more,
In equal force shall last;—

9 First signed to Abra'm ; next, by oath,
To Isaac made secure ;
10 To Jacob and his heirs a law
For ever to endure ;—

11 That Canaan's land should be their lot,
When yet but few they were,
12 But few in number, and those few
All friendless strangers there.

13 In pilgrimage, from realm to realm,
Securely they removed ;
14 Whilst proudest monarchs, for their sakes,
Severely he reproved.

15 " These mine anointed are," said he ;
" Let none my servants wrong,
" Nor treat the poorest prophet ill,
" That does to me belong."

16 A dearth, at last, by his command,
Did through the land prevail,
Till corn, the chief support of life,
Sustaining corn, did fail.

17 But his indulgent providence
Had pious Joseph sent,
Sold into Egypt, but their death,
Who sold him, to prevent.

18 His feet with heavy chains were crushed,
With calumny his fame,
19 Till God's appointed time and word
To his deliverance came.

20 The king his sovereign order sent,
And rescued him with speed ;
Whom private malice had confined,
The people's ruler freed.

21 His court, revenues, realms, were all
Subjected to his will,
22 His greatest princes to control,
And teach his statesmen skill.

PART II.

23 To Egypt, then, invited guests,
Half-famished Israel came ;
And Jacob held, by royal grant,
The fertile soil of Ham.

24 The Almighty there with such increase
His people multiplied,
Till with their proud oppressors they
In strength and number vied.

25 Their vast increase the Egyptians' hearts
With jealous anger fired,
Till they his servants to destroy
By treacherous arts conspired.

26 His servant Moses then he sent,
His chosen Aaron too,
27 Empowered with signs and miracles
To prove their mission true.

28 He called for darkness; darkness came;
Nature his summons knew;
29 Each stream and lake, transformed to blood,
The wandering fishes slew.

30 In putrid floods, throughout the land,
The pest of frogs was bred,
From noisome fens sent up to croak
At Pharaoh's board and bed.

31 He gave the sign, and swarms of flies
Came down in cloudy hosts;
Whilst earth's enlivened dust below
Bred lice through all their coasts.

32 He sent them battering hail for rain,
And fire for cooling dew;
33 He smote their vines and forest plants,
And gardens' pride o'erthrew.

34 He spake the word, and locusts came,
And caterpillars joined;
They preyed upon the poor remains
The storm had left behind.

35 From trees to herbage they descend,
No verdant thing they spare;
But, like the naked fallow field,
Leave all the pastures bare.

36 From fields to villages and towns,
Commissioned vengeance flew;
One fatal stroke their eldest hopes
And strength of Egypt slew.

37 He brought his servants forth, enriched
With Egypt's borrowed wealth,

And, what transcends all treasure else,
Enriched with vigorous health.

38 Egypt rejoiced, in hopes to find
Her plagues with them removed;
Taught dearly now to fear worse ills
By those already proved.

39 Their shrouding canopy by day
A journeying cloud was spread;
A fiery pillar all the night
Their desert marches led.

40 They longed for flesh; with evening quails
He furnished every tent;
From heaven's high granary, each morn,
The bread of angels sent.

41 He smote the rock, whose flinty breast
Poured forth a gushing tide,
Whose flowing stream, where'er they marched,
The desert's drought supplied.

42 For still he did on Abra'm's faith
And ancient league reflect;
43 He brought his people forth with joy,
With triumph his elect;—

44 Quite rooting out their heathen foes
From Canaan's fertile soil,
To them in cheap possession gave
The fruit of others' toil;—

45 That they his statutes might observe,
His sacred laws obey:
For benefits so vast, let us
Our songs of praise repay.

PSALM 106.

1 O RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages passed
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy judgments never stray;

Who know what's right; nor only so,
But always practise what they know.

4 Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford:
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

5 O may I worthy prove to see
Thy saints in full prosperity,
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count thy people's triumph mine.

6 But, ah! can we expect such grace
Of parents vile the viler race,
Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new crimes increased the score?

7 Ingrateful, they no longer thought
On all his works in Egypt wrought:
The Red Sea they no sooner viewed,
Than they their base distrust renewed.

8 Yet he, to vindicate his name,
Once more to their deliverance came,
To make his sovereign power be known,
That he is God, and he alone.

9 To right and left, at his command,
The parting deep disclosed her sand,
Where firm and dry the passage lay,
As through some parched and desert way.

10 Thus rescued from their foes they were,
Who closely pressed upon their rear,
11 Whose rage pursued them to those waves,
That proved the rash pursuers' graves.

12 The watery mountains' sudden fall
O'erwhelmed proud Pharaoh, host and all;
This proof did stupid Israel move
To own God's truth, and praise his love.

PART II.

13 But soon these wonders they forgot,
And for his counsel waited not;
14 But, lusting in the wilderness,
Did him with fresh temptations press.

15 Strong food, at their request, he sent,
But made their sin their punishment:

16 Yet still his saints they did oppose,
The priest and prophet whom he chose.

17 But Earth, the quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful jaws extending wide,
Rash Dathan to her centre drew,
With proud Abiram's factious crew.

18 The rest of those who did conspire
To kindle wide sedition's fire,
With all their impious train, became
A prey to heaven's devouring flame.

19 Near Horeb's mount, a calf they made,
And to the molten image prayed;
20 Adoring what their hands did frame,
They changed their glory to their shame.

21 Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his works in Egypt wrought;
22 His signs in Ham's astonished coast,
And where proud Pharaoh's troops were lost.

23 Thus urged, his vengeful hand he reared,
But Moses in the breach appeared;
The saint did for the rebels pray,
And turned Heaven's kindled wrath away.

24 Yet they his pleasant land despised,
Nor his repeated promise prized,
25 Nor did the Almighty's voice obey,
But, when God said, Go up, would stay.

26 This sealed their doom, without redress,
To perish in the wilderness;
27 Or else to be, by heathen's hands,
O'erthrown and scattered through the lands.

PART III.

28 Yet, unreclaimed, this stubborn race
Baal-Peor's worship did embrace;
Became his impious guests, and fed
On sacrifices to the dead.

29 Thus they persisted to provoke
God's vengeance to the final stroke:
'Tis come, the deadly pest is come,
To execute their general doom.

30 But Phineas, fired with holy rage,
The Almighty vengeance to assuage,

Did, by two bold offenders' fall,
The atonement make that ransomed all.

31 As him a heavenly zeal had moved,
So Heaven the zealous act approved;
To him confirming, and his race,
The priesthood he so well did grace.

32 At Meribah, God's wrath they moved,
Who Moses, for their sakes, reproved,
33 Whose patient soul they did provoke,
Till rashly the meek prophet spoke.

34 Nor, when possessed of Canaan's land,
Did they perform their Lord's command,
Nor his commissioned sword employ
The guilty nations to destroy;—

35 Not only spared the pagan crew,
But, mingling, learned their vices too,
36 And worship to those idols paid,
Which them to fatal snares betrayed.

37, 38 To devils they did sacrifice
Their children with relentless eyes;
Approached their altars through a flood
Of their own sons' and daughters' blood.

No cheaper victims would appease
Canaan's remorseless deities;
No blood her idols reconcile,
But that which did the land defile.

PART IV.

39 Nor did these savage cruelties
The hardened reprobates suffice;
For after their heart's lust they went,
And daily did new crimes invent.

40 But sins of such infernal hue
God's wrath against his people drew,
Till he, their once indulgent Lord,
His own inheritance abhorred.

41 He them, defenceless, did expose
To their insulting heathen foes,
And made them on the triumphs wait
Of those who bore them greatest hate.

42 Nor thus his indignation ceased
Their list of tyrants still increased,

Till they, who God's mild sway declined,
Were made the vassals of mankind.

43 Yet when, distressed, they did repent,
His anger did as oft relent;
But, freed, they did his wrath provoke,
Renewed their sins, and he their yoke.

44 Nor yet implacable he proved,
Nor heard their wretched cries unmoved;
45 But did to mind his promise bring,
And mercy's inexhausted spring.

46 Compassion, too, he did impart
E'en to their foes' obdurate heart,
And pity for their sufferings bred
In those who them to bondage led.

47 Still save us, Lord, and Israel's bands
Together bring from heathen lands;
So to thy name our thanks we'll raise,
And ever triumph in thy praise.

48 Let Israel's God be ever blessed,
His name eternally confessed;
Let all his saints, with full accord,
Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM 107.

1 TO God your grateful voices raise,
Who does your daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceasing praise
Attend on his eternal love.

2, 3 Let those give thanks, whom he from bands
Of proud, oppressing foes released,
And brought them back from distant lands,
From north and south, and west and east.

4, 5 Through lonely, desert ways they went,
Nor could a peopled city find,
Till, quite with thirst and hunger spent,
Their fainting souls within them pined.

6 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafed to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

7 From crooked paths he led them forth,
And in the certain way did guide

To wealthy towns of great resort,
Where all their wants were well supplied.

8 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

9 For he from heaven the sad estate
Of longing souls with pity views;
To hungry souls, that pant for meat,
His goodness daily food renews.

PART II.

10 Some lie, with darkness compassed round,
In death's uncomfortable shade,
And with unwieldy fetters bound,
By pressing cares more heavy made.

11, 12 Because God's counsels they defied,
And lightly prized his holy word,
With these afflictions they were tried;
They fell, and none could help afford.

13 Then soon to God's indulgent ear
Did they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafed to hear,
And freed them from their deep distress.

14 From dismal dungeons, dark as night,
And shades, as black as death's abode,
He brought them forth to cheerful light,
And welcome liberty bestowed.

15 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

16 For he, with his almighty hand,
The gates of brass in pieces broke;
Nor could the massy bars withstand,
Or tempered steel resist his stroke.

PART III.

17 Remorseless wretches, void of sense,
With bold transgressions God defy;
And, for their multiplied offence,
Oppressed with sore diseases, lie.

18 Their soul, a prey to pain and fear,
Abhors to taste the choicest meats,
And they, by faint degrees, draw near
To death's inhospitable gates.

19 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
Do they their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.

20 He all their sad distempers heals;
His word both health and safety gives,
And, when all human succour fails,
From near destruction them retrieves.

21 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

22 With offerings let his altar flame,
Whilst they their grateful thanks express,
And with loud joy his holy name,
For all his acts of wonder, bless.

PART IV.

23, 24 They that in ships, with courage bold,
O'er swelling waves their trade pursue,
Do God's amazing works behold,
And in the deep his wonders view.

25 No sooner his command is passed,
Than forth the dreadful tempest flies,
Which sweeps the sea with rapid haste,
And makes the stormy billows rise.

26 Sometimes the ships, tossed up to heaven,
On tops of mountain waves appear;
Then down the steep abyss are driven,
Whilst every soul dissolves with fear.

27 They reel and stagger to and fro,
Like men with fumes of wine oppressed;
Nor do the skilful seamen know
Which way to steer, what course is best.

28 Then straight to God's indulgent ear
They do their mournful cry address,
Who graciously vouchsafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep distress.

29, 30 He does the raging storm appease.
And makes the billows calm and still;
With joy they see their fury cease,
And their intended course fulfil.

31 O! then, that all the earth, with me,
Would God, for this his goodness, praise,
And for the mighty works, which he
Throughout the wondering world displays!

32 Let them, where all the tribes resort,
Advance to heaven his glorious name,
And in the elders' sovereign court,
With one consent, his praise proclaim.

PART V.

33, 34 A fruitful land, where streams abound,
God's just revenge, if people sin,
Will turn to dry and barren ground,
To punish those that dwell therein.

35, 36 The parched and desert heath he makes
To flow with streams and springing wells,
Which for his lot the hungry takes,
And in strong cities safely dwells.

37, 38 He sows the field, the vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his toil repay;
Nor can, whilst God his blessing grants,
His fruitful seed or stock decay.

39 But when his sins Heaven's wrath provoke,
His health and substance fade away;
He feels the oppressor's galling yoke,
And is of grief the wretched prey.

40 The prince, that slights what God commands,
Exposed to scorn, must quit his throne,
And over wild and desert lands,
Where no path offers, stray alone;—

41 Whilst God, from all afflicting cares,
Sets up the humble man on high,
And makes, in time, his numerous heirs
With his increasing flocks to vie.

42, 43 Then sinners shall have naught to say,
The just a decent joy shall show;
The wise these strange events shall weigh,
And thence God's goodness fully know.

PSALM 108.

1 O GOD, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy name;
My tongue, with cheerful songs of praise,
Shall celebrate thy fame.

2 Awake, my lute; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay;
Whilst I, with early hymns of joy,
Prevent the dawning day.

3 To all the listening tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell,
And to those nations sing thy praise,
That round about us dwell;—

4 Because thy mercy's boundless height
The highest heaven transcends,
And far beyond the aspiring clouds
Thy faithful truth extends.

5 Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the starry frame;
And let the world, with one consent,
Confess thy glorious name.

6 That all thy chosen people thee
Their Saviour may declare,
Let thy right hand protect me still,
And answer thou my prayer.

7 Since God himself hath said the word,
Whose promise cannot fail,
With joy I Sechem will divide,
And measure Succoth's vale.

8 Gilead is mine, Manasseh too,
And Ephraim owns my cause;
Their strength my regal power supports,
And Judah gives my laws.

9 Moab I'll make my servile drudge,
On vanquished Edom tread,
And through the proud Philistine lands
My conquering banners spread.

10 By whose support and aid shall I
Their well-fenced city gain?
Who will my troops securely lead
Through Edom's guarded plain?

11 Lord, wilt not thou assist our arms,
Which late thou didst forsake?
And wilt not thou of these our hosts
Once more the guidance take?

12 O! to thy servant in distress,
Thy speedy succour send;
For vain it is on human aid
For safety to depend.

13 Then valiant acts shall we perform,
If thou thy power disclose;
For God it is, and God alone,
That treads down all our foes.

PSALM 109.

1 O GOD, whose former mercies make
My constant praise thy due,
Hold not thy peace, but my sad state
With wonted favour view;—

2 For sinful men, with lying lips,
Deceitful speeches frame,
And with their studied slander seek
To wound my spotless fame.

3 Their restless hatred prompts them still
Malicious lies to spread;
And all against my life combine,
By causeless fury led.

4 Those, whom with tenderest love I used,
My chief opposers are;
Whilst I, of other friends bereft,
Resort to thee by prayer.

5 Since mischief, for the good I did,
Their strange reward does prove,
And hatred's the return they make
For undissembled love,—

6 Their guilty leader shall be made
To some ill man a slave,
And, when he's tried, his mortal foe
For his accuser have.

7 His guilt, when sentence is pronounced,
Shall meet a dreadful fate,
Whilst his rejected prayer but serves
His crimes to aggravate.

8 He, snatched by some untimely fate,
Shall live but half his days;
Another, by divine decree,
Shall on his office seize.

9, 10 His seed shall orphans be, his wife
A widow, plunged in grief;
His vagrant children beg their bread,
Where none can give relief.

11 His ill-got riches shall be made
To usurers a prey;
The fruit of all his toil shall be
By strangers borne away.

12 None shall be found, that to his wants
Their mercy will extend,
Or to his helpless orphan seed
The least assistance lend.

13 A swift destruction soon shall seize
On his unhappy race,
And the next age his hated name
Shall utterly deface.

14 The vengeance of his father's sins
Upon his head shall fall;
God on his mother's crimes shall think,
And punish him for all.

15 All these, in horrid order ranked,
Before the Lord shall stand,
Till his fierce anger quite cuts off
Their memory from the land.

PART II.

16 Because he never mercy showed,
But still the poor oppressed;
And sought to slay the helpless man,
With heavy woes distressed;—

17 Therefore the curse he loved to vent
Shall his own portion prove;
And blessing, which he still abhorred,
Shall far from him remove.

18 Since he in cursing took such pride,
Like water it shall spread
Through all his veins, and stick like oil,
With which his bones are fed.

19 This, like a poisoned robe, shall still
His constant covering be,
Or an envenomed belt, from which
He never shall be free.

20 Thus shall the Lord reward all those
That ill to me design,
That with malicious, false reports
Against my life combine.

21 But, for thy glorious name, O God,
Do thou deliver me;
And, for thy plenteous mercy's sake,
Preserve and set me free.

22 For I, to utmost straits reduced,
Am void of all relief;
My heart is wounded with distress,
And quite pierced through with grief.

23 I, like an evening shade, decline,
Which vanishes apace;
Like locusts, up and down I'm tossed,
And have no certain place.

24, 25 My knees with fasting are grown weak,
My body lank and lean;
All that behold me shake their heads,
And treat me with disdain.

26, 27 But, for thy mercy's sake, O Lord,
Do thou my foes withstand;
That all may see 'tis thine own act,
The work of thy right hand.

28 Then let them curse, so thou but bless;
Let shame the portion be
Of all that my destruction seek,
While I rejoice in thee.

29 My foe shall with disgrace be clothed,
And, spite of all his pride,
His own confusion, like a cloak,
The guilty wretch shall hide.

30 But I to God, in grateful thanks,
My cheerful voice will raise;
And, where the great assembly meets,
Set forth his noble praise:—

31 For him the poor shall always find
Their sure and constant Friend;

And he shall from unrighteous dooms
Their guiltless souls defend.

PSALM 110.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus spake.—
"Till I thy foes thy footstool make,
2 "Sit thou in state at my right hand:
"Supreme in Sion thou shalt be,
"And all thy proud opposers see
"Subjected to thy just command.

3 "Thee, in thy power's triumphant day,
"The willing nations shall obey;
"And, when thy rising beams they view,
"Shall all, redeemed from error's night,
"Appear as numberless and bright
"As crystal drops of morning dew."

4 The Lord hath sworn, nor sworn in vain,
That, like Melchisedech's, thy reign
And priesthood shall no period know:
5 No proud competitor to sit
At thy right hand will he permit,
But in his wrath crowned heads o'erthrow.

6 The sentenced heathen he shall slay,
And fill with carcasses his way,
Till he hath struck earth's tyrants dead;
7 But in the highway brooks shall first,
Like a poor pilgrim, slake his thirst,
And then in triumph raise his head.

PSALM 111.

1 PRAISE ye the Lord; our God to praise
My soul her utmost power shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

2 His works, for greatness though renowned,
His wondrous works, with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

3 His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim;
His truth, confirmed through ages passed,
Shall to eternal ages last.

4 By precepts he hath us enjoined
To keep his wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5 His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants' wants supplied;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our fathers signed.

6 At once astonished and o'erjoyed,
They saw his matchless power employed,
Whereby the heathen were suppressed,
And we their heritage possessed.

7 Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
8 By truth and equity sustained,
And for eternal rules ordained.

9 He set his saints from bondage free,
And then established his decree,
For ever to remain the same:
Holy and reverend is his name.

10 Who wisdom's sacred prize would win
Must with the fear of God begin:
Immortal praise and heavenly skill
Have they who know and do his will.

PSALM 112.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT man is blessed, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
2 His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honours crowned.

3 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

4 The soul that's filled with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night;
To pity the distressed inclined,
As well as just to all mankind.

5 His liberal favours he extends;
To some he gives, to others lends;

Yet, what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.

6 Beset with threatening dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground:
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust.

7 Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that, fixed, on God relies:
8 On safety's rock he sits, and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.

9 His hands, while they his alms bestowed,
His glory's future harvest sowed,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temporal and eternal crown.

10 The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM 113.

1 YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record;
2 His sacred name for ever bless:
3 Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

4 God through the world extends his sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are:
5 With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.

6 Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

7 When childless families despair,
He sends the blessing of an heir,
To rescue their expiring name;

Makes her, that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her fruit to rear:
O! then, extol his matchless fame.

PSALM 114.

1 WHEN Israel, by the Almighty led,
Enriched with their oppressors' spoil,
From Egypt marched, and Jacob's seed
From bondage in a foreign soil,—

2 Jehovah, for his residence,
Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion royal, and from thence
Through Israel's camp his order sent.

3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from the Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surprised with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.

4 The taller mountains skipped like rams,
When danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skipped after them, like lambs
Affrighted by their leader's fear.

5 O, sea, what made your tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy bed?
Why, Jordan, against nature's law,
Recoil'dst thou to thy fountain's head?

6 Why, mountains, did ye skip, like rams
When danger does approach the fold?
Why after you the hills, like lambs
When they their leader's flight behold?

7 Earth, tremble on; well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and seas to flee;—

8 To flee from God, who nature's law
Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw
And thirsty vales with water fill.

PSALM 115.

1 LORD, not to us,—we claim no share,—
But to thy sacred name,

Give glory, for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

2 Why should the heathen cry, Where's now
The God whom we adore?
3 Convince them that in heaven thou art,
And uncontrolled thy power.

4 Their gods but gold and silver are,
The works of mortal hands;
5 With speechless mouth and sightless eyes
The molten idol stands.

6 The pageant has both ears and nose,
But neither hears nor smells;
7 Its hands and feet nor feel nor move,
No life within it dwells.

8 Such senseless stocks they are, that we
Can nothing like them find,
But those who on their help rely,
And them for gods designed.

9 O Israel, make the Lord your trust,
Who is your Help and Shield;
10 Priests, Levites, trust in him alone,
Who only help can yield.

11 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely,
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

12, 13 Of us he oft has mindful been,
And Israel's house will bless,
Priests, Levites, proselytes, e'en all
Who his great name confess.

14 On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring;
15 Thrice happy you, who favourites are
Of this Almighty King!

16 Heaven's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat designed,
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.

17 They who in death and silence sleep
To him no praise afford;
18 But we will bless, for evermore,
Our ever-living Lord.

PSALM 116.

1 MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possessed,
Because the Lord vouchsafed to hear
The voice of my request.

2 Since he has now his ear inclined,
I never will despair;
But still, in all the straits of life,
To him address my prayer.

3 With deadly sorrows compassed round,
With pains of hell oppressed;
When trouble seized my aching heart,
And anguish racked my breast;—

4 On God's almighty name I called,
And thus to him I prayed:—
"Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul,
"With sorrow quite dismayed."

5, 6 How just and merciful is God!
How gracious is the Lord!
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Does timely help afford.

7 Then, free from pensive cares, my soul,
Resume thy wonted rest;
For God has wondrously to thee
His bounteous love expressed.

8 When death alarmed me, he removed
My dangers and my fears;
My feet from falling he secured,
And dried my eyes from tears.

9 Therefore my life's remaining years,
Which God to me shall lend,
Will I in praises to his name,
And in his service, spend.

10, 11 In God I trusted, and of him
In greatest straits did boast;
For in my flight all hopes of aid
From faithless men were lost.

12, 13 Then what return to him shall I
For all his goodness make?
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

14, 15 I'll pay my vows among his saints,
Whose blood, howe'er despised
By wicked men, in God's account
Is always highly prized.

16 By various ties, O Lord, must I
To thy dominion bow;
Thy humble handmaid's son before,
Thy ransomed captive now.

17, 18 To thee I'll offerings bring of praise;
And, whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

19 They in Jerusalem shall meet,
And in thy house shall join,
To bless thy name with one consent,
And mix their songs with mine.

PSALM 117.

1 WITH cheerful notes let all the earth
To heaven their voices raise;
Let all, inspired with godly mirth,
Sing solemn hymns of praise.

2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
His truth shall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing nations round
Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM 118.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

3, 4 Their sense of his eternal love
Let Aaron's house express;
And that it never fails, let all
That fear the Lord confess.

5 To God I made my humble moan,
With troubles quite oppressed,
And he released me from my straits,
And granted my request.

6 Since, therefore, God does on my side
So graciously appear,

Why should the vain attempts of men
Possess my soul with fear?

7 Since God with those that aid my cause
Vouchsafes my part to take,
To all my foes I need not doubt
A just return to make.

8, 9 For better 'tis to trust in God,
And have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greatest human power
For safety to depend.

10, 11 Though many nations, closely leagued,
Did oft beset me round,
Yet, by his boundless power sustained,
I did their strength confound.

12 They swarmed like bees, and yet their rage
Was but a short-lived blaze;
For, whilst on God I still relied,
I vanquished them with ease.

13 When all, united, pressed me hard,
In hopes to make me fall,
The Lord vouchsafed to take my part,
And save me from them all.

14 The honour of my strange escape
To him alone belongs;
He is my Saviour and my Strength;
He only claims my songs.

15 Joy fills the dwelling of the just,
Whom God has saved from harm;
For wondrous things are brought to pass
By his almighty arm.

16 He, by his own resistless power,
Has endless honour won;
The saving strength of his right hand
Amazing works has done.

17 God will not suffer me to fall,
But still prolongs my days,
That, by declaring all his works,
I may advance his praise.

18 When God had sorely me chastised,
Till quite of hopes bereaved,
His mercy from the gates of death
My fainting life reprieved.

19 Then open wide the temple gates,
To which the just repair,
That I may enter in, and praise
My great Deliverer there.

20, 21 Within those gates of God's abode,
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy name I'll bless.

22, 23 That which the builders once refused,
Is now the corner stone;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.

24, 25 This day is God's; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice;
Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

26 Him that approaches in God's name,
Let all the assembly bless:—
"We that belong to God's own house
"Have wished you good success."

27 God is the Lord, through whom we all
Both light and comfort find;
Fast to the altar's horns, with cords,
The chosen victim bind.

28 Thou art my Lord, O God, and still
I'll praise thy holy name;
Because thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy fame.

29 O! then, with me, give thanks to God,
Who still does gracious prove,
And let the tribute of our praise
Be endless as his love.

PSALM 119.

ALEPH.

1 HOW blessed are they, who always keep
The pure and perfect way!
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray!

2 How blessed, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been!

And have, with fervent, humble zeal,
His favour sought to win!

3 Such men their utmost caution use
To shun each wicked deed,
But in the path which he directs
With constant care proceed.

4 Thou strictly hast enjoined us, Lord,
To learn thy sacred will,
And all our diligence employ
Thy statutes to fulfil.

5 O! then, that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

6 Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free;
Convinced, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

7 My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learned thy will.

8 So to thy sacred laws shall I
All due observance pay;
O! then, forsake me not, my God,
Nor cast me quite away.

BETH.

9 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

10 With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray;
O! suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.

11 Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies,
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.

12 Secured by that, my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name;

O! teach me, then, by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

13 My lips, unlocked by pious zeal,
To others have declared
How well the judgments of thy mouth
Deserve our best regard.

14 Whilst in the way of thy commands,
More solid joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase
Of envied riches crowned.

15 Therefore thy just and upright laws
Shall always fill my mind,
And those sound rules, which thou prescrib'st,
All due respect shall find.

16 To keep thy statutes undefaced
Shall be my constant joy;
The strict remembrance of thy word
Shall all my thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17 Be gracious to thy servant, Lord;
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My future time may spend.

18 Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wondrous work which they behold
Who thy just precepts learn.

19 Though, like a stranger in the land,
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

20 My fainting soul is almost pined,
With earnest longing spent,
Whilst always on the eager search
Of thy just will intent.

21 Thy sharp rebuke shall crush the proud,
Whom still thy curse pursues,
Since they to walk in thy right ways
Presumptuously refuse.

22 But far from me do thou, O Lord,
Contempt and shame remove;

For I thy sacred laws affect
With undissembled love.

23 Though princes oft, in council met,
Against thy servant spake;
Yet I thy statutes to observe
My constant business make.

24 For thy commands have always been
My comfort and delight;
By them I learn, with prudent care,
To guide my steps aright.

DALETH.

25 My soul, oppressed with deadly care,
Close to the dust does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
Thy promised aid receive.

26 To thee I still declared my ways,
And thou inclin'dst thine ear;
O! teach me, then, my future life
By thy just laws to steer.

27 If thou wilt make me know thy laws,
And by their guidance walk,
The wondrous works which thou hast done
Shall be my constant talk.

28 But see, my soul within me sinks,
Pressed down with weighty care;
Do thou, according to thy word,
My wasted strength repair.

29 Far, far from me be all false ways
And lying arts removed;
But kindly grant I still may keep
The path by thee approved.

30 Thy faithful ways, thou God of truth,
My happy choice I've made;
Thy judgments, as my rule of life,
Before me always laid.

31 My care has been to make my life
With thy commands agree;
O! then, preserve thy servant, Lord,
From shame and ruin free.

32 So, in the way of thy commands,
Shall I with pleasure run,

And, with a heart enlarged with joy,
Successfully go on.

HE.

33 Instruct me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display,
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.

34 If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.

35 Direct me in the sacred ways
To which thy precepts lead,
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.

36 Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart;
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

37 From those vain objects turn my eyes,
Which this false world displays;
But give me lively power and strength
To keep thy righteous ways.

38 Confirm the promise which thou mad'st,
And give thy servant aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred laws
Is awfully afraid.

39 The foul disgrace I justly fear,
In mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the judgments thou ordain'st
Are full of grace and love.

40 Thou know'st how after thy commands
My longing heart does pant;
O! then, make haste to raise me up,
And promised succour grant.

VAU.

41 Thy constant blessing, Lord, bestow,
To cheer my drooping heart;
To me, according to thy word,
Thy saving health impart.

42 So shall I, when my foes upbraid,
This ready answer make :—
"In God I trust, who never will
His faithful promise break."

43 Then let not quite the word of truth
Be from my mouth removed,
Since still my ground of steadfast hope
Thy just decrees have proved.

44 So I to keep thy righteous laws
Will all my study bend,
From age to age my time to come
In their observance spend.

45 Ere long I trust to walk at large,
From all encumbrance free,
Since I resolve to make my life
With thy commands agree.

46 Thy laws shall be my constant talk;
And princes shall attend,
Whilst I the justice of thy ways
With confidence defend.

47 My longing heart and ravished soul
Shall both o'erflow with joy,
When in thy loved commandments I
My happy hours employ.

48 Then will I to thy just decrees
Lift up my willing hands;
My care and business then shall be
To study thy commands.

ZAIN.

49 According to thy promised grace,
Thy favour, Lord, extend;
Make good to me the word on which
Thy servant's hopes depend.

50 That only comfort in distress
Did all my griefs control;
Thy word, when troubles hemmed me round,
Revived my fainting soul.

51 Insulting foes did proudly mock,
And all my hopes deride;
Yet from thy law not all their scoffs
Could make me turn aside.

52 Thy judgments, then, of ancient date,
I quickly called to mind,
Till, ravished with such thoughts, my soul
Did speedy comfort find.

53 Sometimes I stand amazed, like one
With deadly horror struck,
To think how all my sinful foes
Have thy just laws forsook.

54 But I thy statutes and decrees
My cheerful anthems made,
Whilst through strange lands and desert wilds
I like a pilgrim strayed.

55 Thy name, that cheered my heart by day,
Has filled my thoughts by night;
I then resolved by thy just laws
To guide my steps aright.

56 That peace of mind, which has my soul
In deep distress sustained,
By strict obedience to thy will
I happily obtained.

CHETH.

57 O Lord, my God, my Portion thou,
And sure Possession, art;
Thy words I steadfastly resolve
To treasure in my heart.

58 With all the strength of warm desire
I did thy grace implore;
Disclose, according to thy word,
Thy mercy's boundless store.

59 With due reflection and strict care,
On all my ways I thought;
And so, reclaimed to thy just paths,
My wandering steps I brought.

60 I lost no time, but made great haste,
Resolved, without delay,
To watch, that I might never more
From thy commandments stray.

61 Though numerous troops of sinful men
To rob me have combined,
Yet I thy pure and righteous laws
Have ever kept in mind.

62 In dead of night I will arise
To sing thy solemn praise,
Convinced how much I always ought
To love thy righteous ways.

63 To such as fear thy holy name,
Myself I closely join,
To all who their obedient wills
To thy commands resign.

64 O'er all the earth thy mercy, Lord,
Abundantly is shed;
O! make me, then, exactly learn
Thy sacred paths to tread.

TETH.

65 With me, thy servant, thou hast dealt
Most graciously, O Lord;
Repeated benefits bestowed,
According to thy word.

66 Teach me the sacred skill, by which
Right judgment is attained,
Who in belief of thy commands
Have steadfastly remained.

67 Before affliction stopped my course,
My footsteps went astray;
But I have since been disciplined
Thy precepts to obey.

68 Thou art, O Lord, supremely good,
And all thou dost is so;
On me, thy statutes to discern,
Thy saving skill bestow.

69 The proud have forged malicious lies,
My spotless fame to stain;
But my fixed heart, without reserve,
Thy precepts shall retain.

70 While, pampered, they, with prosperous ills,
In sensual pleasures live,
My soul can relish no delight,
But what thy precepts give.

71 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chastening rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
The statutes of my God.

72 The law that from thy mouth proceeds
Of more esteem I hold,
Than untouched mines, than thousand mines,
Of silver and of gold.

JOD.

73 To me, who am the workmanship
Of thy almighty hands,
The heavenly understanding give
To learn thy just commands.

74 My preservation to thy saints
Strong comfort will afford,
To see success attend my hopes,
Who trusted in thy word.

75 That right thy judgments are, I now,
By sure experience, see;
And that in faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.

76 O! let thy tender mercy now
Afford me needful aid;
According to thy promise, Lord,
To me, thy servant, made.

77 To me thy saving grace restore,
That I again may live,
Whose soul can relish no delight
But what thy precepts give.

78 Defeat the proud, who, unprovoked,
To ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred laws
Employ my harmless thought.

79 Let those that fear thy name espouse
My cause, and those alone
Who have, by strict and pious search,
Thy sacred precepts known.

80 In thy blessed statutes let my heart
Continue always sound,
That guilt and shame, the sinner's lot,
May never me confound.

CAPH.

81 My soul, with long expectance, faints
To see thy saving grace;

Yet still on thy unerring word
My confidence I place.

82 My very eyes consume and fail
With waiting for thy word;
O! when wilt thou thy kind relief
And promised aid afford?

83 My skin like shrivelled parchment shows,
That long in smoke is set;
Yet no affliction me can force
Thy statutes to forget.

84 How many days must I endure
Of sorrow and distress?
When wilt thou judgment execute
On them who me oppress?

85 The proud have digged a pit for me,
That have no other foes,
But such as are averse to thee,
And thy just laws oppose.

86 With sacred truth's eternal laws
All thy commands agree;
Men persecute me without cause;
Thou, Lord, my Helper be.

87 With close designs, against my life
They had almost prevailed;
But, in obedience to thy will,
My duty never failed.

88 Thy wonted kindness, Lord, restore,
My drooping heart to cheer;
That by thy righteous statutes I
My life's whole course may steer.

LAMED.

89 For ever, and for ever, Lord,
Unchanged thou dost remain;
Thy word, established in the heavens,
Does all their orbs sustain.

90 Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immoveable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'st
By thy almighty hand.

91 All things the course by thee ordained,
E'en to this day, fulfil;

They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

92 Unless thy sacred law had been
My comfort and delight,
I must have fainted and expired
In dark affliction's night.

93 Thy precepts, therefore, from my thoughts
Shall never, Lord, depart;
For thou by them hast to new life
Restored my dying heart.

94 As I am thine, entirely thine,
Protect me, Lord, from harm,
Who have thy precepts sought to know,
And carefully perform.

95 The wicked have their ambush laid
My guiltless life to take;
But, in the midst of danger, I
Thy word my study make.

96 I've seen an end of what we call
Perfection here below;
But thy commandments, like thyself,
No change or period know.

MEM.

97 The love that to thy laws I bear
No language can display;
They with fresh wonders entertain
My ravished thoughts all day.

98 Through thy commands I wiser grow
Than all my subtle foes;
For thy sure word doth me direct,
And all my ways dispose.

99 From me my former teachers now
May abler counsel take,
Because thy sacred precepts I
My constant study make.

100 In understanding I excel
The sages of our days,
Because by thy unerring rules
I order all my ways.

101 My feet with care I have refrained
From every sinful way,

That to thy sacred word I might
Entire obedience pay.

102 I have not from thy judgments strayed,
By vain desires misled;
For, Lord, thou hast instructed me
Thy righteous paths to tread.

103 How sweet are all thy words to me!
O! what divine repast!
How much more grateful to my soul
Than honey to my taste!

104 Taught by thy sacred precepts, I
With heavenly skill am blessed,
Through which the treacherous ways of sin
I utterly detest.

NUN.

105 Thy word is to my feet a lamp,
The way of truth to show;
A watch-light, to point out the path
In which I ought to go.

106 I swear, and from my solemn oath
Will never start aside,
That in thy righteous judgments I
Will steadfastly abide.

107 Since I with griefs am so oppressed,
That I can bear no more,
According to thy word, do thou
My fainting soul restore.

108 Let still my sacrifice of praise
With thee acceptance find;
And in thy righteous judgments, Lord,
Instruct my willing mind.

109 Though ghastly dangers me surround,
My soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual terrors keep
From thinking on thy law.

110 My wicked and inveterate foes
For me their snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright path,
Nor from thy precepts strayed.

111 Thy testimonies I have made
My heritage and choice;

For they, when other comforts fail,
My drooping heart rejoice.

112 My heart with early zeal began
Thy statutes to obey,
And, till my course of life is done,
Shall keep thy upright way.

SAMECH.

113 Deceitful thoughts and practices
I utterly detest,
But to thy law affection bear
Too great to be expressed.

114 My Hiding-place, my Refuge-tower,
And Shield, art thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my hopes
On thy unerring word.

115 Hence, ye that trade in wickedness;
Approach not my abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
The precepts of my God.

116 According to thy gracious word,
From danger set me free;
Nor make me of those hopes ashamed,
That I repose in thee.

117 Uphold me; so shall I be safe,
And rescued from distress;
To thy decrees continually
My just respect address.

118 The wicked thou hast trod to earth,
Who from thy statutes strayed;
Their vile deceit, the just reward
Of their own falsehood made.

119 The wicked from thy holy land
Thou dost like dross remove;
I, therefore, with such justice charmed,
Thy testimonies love.

120 Yet with that love they make me dread,
Lest I should so offend,
When on transgressors I behold
Thy judgments thus descend.

AIN.

121 Judgment and justice I have loved;
O! therefore, Lord, engage
In my defence, nor give me up
To my oppressors' rage.

122 Do thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
And so shall this distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud
My guiltless soul oppress.

123 My eyes, alas! begin to fail,
In long expectance held,
Till thy salvation they behold,
And righteous word fulfilled.

124 To me, thy servant, in distress,
Thy wonted grace display,
And discipline my willing heart
Thy statutes to obey.

125 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Thy sacred skill bestow,
That of thy testimonies I
The full extent may know.

126 'Tis time, high time, for thee, O Lord,
Thy vengeance to employ,
When men, with open violence,
Thy sacred law destroy.

127 Yet their contempt of thy commands
But makes their value rise
In my esteem, who purest gold,
Compared with them, despise.

128 Thy precepts, therefore, I account,
In all respects, divine;
They teach me to discern the right,
And all false ways decline.

PE.

129 The wonders which thy laws contain
No words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them
My zealous heart is bent.

130 The very entrance to thy word
Celestial light displays,
And knowledge of true happiness
To simplest minds conveys.

131 With eager hopes I waiting stood,
And fainting with desire,
That of thy wise commands I might
The sacred skill acquire.

132 With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore,
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blessed name adore.

133 Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be,
Nor wickedness, of any kind,
Dominion have o'er me.

134 Release, entirely set me free
From persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
And practise thy commands.

135 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord, make thy face to shine;
Thy statutes both to know and keep,
My heart with zeal incline.

136 My eyes to weeping fountains turn,
Whence briny rivers flow,
To see mankind against thy laws
In bold defiance go.

TSADDI.

137 Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
Wronged innocence may trust;
And, like thyself, thy judgments, Lord,
In all respects, are just.

138 Most just and true those statutes were,
Which thou didst first decree;
And all with faithfulness performed,
Succeeding times shall see.

139 With zeal my flesh consumes away,
My soul with anguish frets,
To see my foes contemn at once
Thy promises and threats.

140 Yet each neglected word of thine,
Howe'er by them despised,
Is pure, and for eternal truth
By me, thy servant, prized.

141 Brought, for thy sake, to low estate,
Contempt from all I find;
Yet no affronts or wrongs can drive
Thy precepts from my mind.

142 Thy righteousness shall then endure,
When time itself is passed;
Thy law is truth itself, that truth,
Which shall for ever last.

143 Though trouble, anguish, doubts, and dread,
To compass me unite,
Beset with danger, still I make
Thy precepts my delight.

144 Eternal and unerring rules
Thy testimonies give:
Teach me the wisdom that will make
My soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145 With my whole heart to God I called,
Lord, hear my earnest cry;
And I thy statutes to perform
Will all my care apply.

146 Again more fervently I prayed,
O! save me, that I may
Thy testimonies throughly know,
And steadfastly obey.

147 My earlier prayer the dawning day
Prevented, while I cried
To him, on whose engaging word
My hope alone relied.

148 With zeal have I awaked before
The midnight watch was set,
That I of thy mysterious word
Might perfect knowledge get.

149 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And wonted favour show:
O! quicken me, and so approve
Thy judgment ever true.

150 My persecuting foes advance,
And hourly nearer draw:
What treatment can I hope from them
Who violate thy law?

151 Though they draw nigh, my comfort is,
Thou, Lord, art yet more near;
Thou, whose commands are righteous all,
Thy promises sincere.

152 Concerning thy divine decrees,
My soul has known of old,
That they were true, and shall their truth
To endless ages hold.

RESCH.

153 Consider my affliction, Lord,
And me from bondage draw;
Think on thy servant in distress,
Who ne'er forgets thy law.

154 Plead thou my cause; to that and me
Thy timely aid afford;
With beams of mercy quicken me,
According to thy word.

155 From hardened sinners thou remov'st
Salvation far away;
'Tis just thou should'st withdraw from them
Who from thy statutes stray.

156 Since great thy tender mercies are
To all who thee adore,
According to thy judgments, Lord,
My fainting hopes restore.

157 A numerous host of spiteful foes
Against my life combine,
But all too few to force my soul
Thy statutes to decline.

158 Those bold transgressors I beheld,
And was with grief oppressed,
To see with what audacious pride
Thy cov'nant they transgressed.

159 Yet, while they slight, consider, Lord,
How I thy precepts love;
O! therefore, quicken me with beams
Of mercy from above.

160 As, from the birth of time, thy truth
Has held through ages passed,
So shall thy righteous judgments, firm,
To endless ages last.

SCHIN.

161 Though mighty tyrants, without cause,
Conspire my blood to shed,
Thy sacred word has power alone
To fill my heart with dread.

162 And yet that word my joyful breast
With heavenly rapture warms;
Nor conquest, nor the spoils of war,
Have such transporting charms.

163 Perfidious practices and lies
I utterly detest;
But to thy laws affection bear,
Too vast to be expressed.

164 Seven times a day, with grateful voice,
Thy praises I resound,
Because I find thy judgments all
With truth and justice crowned.

165 Secure, substantial peace have they
Who truly love thy law;
No smiling mischief them can tempt,
Nor frowning danger awe.

166 For thy salvation I have hoped,
And, though so long delayed,
With cheerful zeal and strictest care,
All thy commands obeyed.

167 Thy testimonies I have kept,
And constantly obeyed,
Because the love I bore to them
Thy service easy made.

168 From strict observance of thy laws
I never yet withdrew,
Convinced that my most secret ways
Are open to thy view.

TAU.

169 To my request and earnest cry,
Attend, O gracious Lord;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill,
According to thy word.

170 Let my repeated prayer, at last
Before thy throne appear;
According to thy plighted word,
For my relief draw near.

171 Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast revealed,
And taught me thy just ways.

172 My tongue the praises of thy word
Shall thankfully resound,
Because thy promises are all
With truth and justice crowned.

173 Let thy almighty arm appear,
And bring me timely aid;
For I the laws thou hast ordained
My heart's free choice have made.

174 My soul has waited long to see
Thy saving grace restored;
Nor comfort knew, but what thy laws,
Thy heavenly laws, afford.

175 Prolong my life, that I may sing
My great Restorer's praise,
Whose justice, from the depths of wo,
My fainting soul shall raise.

176 Like some lost sheep, I've strayed, till I
Despair my way to find;
Thou, therefore, Lord, thy servant seek,
Who keeps thy laws in mind.

PSALM 120.

1 IN deep distress, I oft have cried
To God, who never yet denied
To rescue me, oppressed with wrongs:
2 Once more, O Lord, deliverance send;
From lying lips my soul defend,
And from the rage of slandering tongues.

3 What little profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy wrath is due,
O, thou perfidious tongue, to thee!
4 Thy sting upon thyself shall turn;
Of lasting flames, that fiercely burn,
The constant fuel thou shalt be.

5 But, O! how wretched is my doom,
Who am a sojourner become
In barren Mesech's desert soil!

With Kedar's wicked tents enclosed,
To lawless savages exposed,
Who live on naught but theft and spoil.

6 My hapless dwelling is with those
Who peace and amity oppose,
And pleasure take in others' harms:
7 Sweet peace is all I court and seek;
But, when to them of peace I speak,
They straight cry out, To arms! to arms!

PSALM 121.

1 TO Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
2 From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

3 Then, thou, my soul, in safety rest,
Thy Guardian will not sleep:
4 His watchful care, that Israel guards,
Will Israel's monarch keep.

5 Sheltered beneath the Almighty's wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
6 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee,
By day or night, molest.

7 From common accidents of life
His care shall guard thee still;
8 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
That lie in wait to kill.

9 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM 122.

1 O 'TWAS a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel; to the temple haste,
And keep your festal day!

2 At Salem's courts we must appear,
With our assembled powers,
3 In strong and beauteous order ranged,
Like her united towers.

4 'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and prayer.

5 Tribunals stand erected there,
Where equity takes place:
There stand the courts and palaces
Of royal David's race.

6 O! pray we, then, for Salem's peace;
For they shall prosperous be,
Thou holy city of our God,
Who bear true love to thee.

7 May peace within thy sacred walls
A constant guest be found;
With plenty and prosperity
Thy palaces be crowned.

8 For my dear brethren's sake, and friends',
No less than brethren dear,
I'll pray—May peace in Salem's towers
A constant guest appear.

9 But, most of all, I'll seek thy good,
And ever wish thee well,
For Sion and the temple's sake,
Where God vouchsafes to dwell.

PSALM 123.

1, 2 ON thee, who dwell'st above the skies,
For mercy wait my longing eyes;
As servants wait their masters' hands,
And maids their mistresses' commands.

3, 4 O! then, have mercy on us, Lord;
Thy gracious aid to us afford;
To us, whom cruel foes oppress,
Grown rich and proud by our distress.

PSALM 124.

1 HAD not the Lord, may Israel say,
Been pleased to interpose;
2 Had he not then espoused our cause,
When men against us rose;—

3, 4, 5 Their wrath had swallowed us alive,
And raged without control;

Their spite and pride's united floods
Had quite o'erwhelmed our soul.

6 But praised be our eternal Lord,
Who rescued us that day,
Nor to their savage jaws gave up
Our threatened lives a prey.

7 Our soul is like a bird, escaped
From out the fowler's net;
The snare is broke, their hopes are crossed,
And we at freedom set.

8 Secure in his almighty name
Our confidence remains,
Who, as he made both heaven and earth,
Of both sole Monarch reigns.

PSALM 125.

1 WHO place on Sion's God their trust
Like Sion's rock shall stand;
Like her, immoveable be fixed
By his almighty hand.

2 Look how the hills, on every side,
Jerusalem enclose;
So stands the Lord around his saints,
To guard them from their foes.

3 The wicked may afflict the just,
But ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by despair to seek
Base means for his redress.

4 Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect;
The heart that innocence retains
Let innocence protect.

5 All those who walk in crooked paths
The Lord shall soon destroy,
Cut off the unjust, but crown the saints
With lasting peace and joy.

PSALM 126.

1 WHEN Sion's God her sons recalled
From long captivity,
It seemed, at first, a pleasing dream
Of what we wished to see;—

2 But soon, in unaccustomed mirth,
We did our voice employ,
And sung our great Restorer's praise
In thankful hymns of joy.

Our heathen foes, repining, stood,
Yet were compelled to own,
That great and wondrous was the work
Our God for us had done.

3 "'Twas great," say they, "'twas wondrous great;"
Much more should we confess,
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad success.

4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing showers
To parched and thirsty lands;—

5 That we, whose work commenced in tears,
May see our labours thrive,
Till finished with success, to make
Our drooping hearts revive.

6 Though he desponds, that sows his grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-eared sheaves, and bring
The joyful harvest home.

PSALM 127.

1 WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain;—

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with sound repose.

3 Children, those comforts of our life,
Are presents from the Lord;
He gives a numerous race of heirs
As piety's reward.

4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
When marching forth to war,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth
Their parents' safeguard are.

5 Happy the man whose quiver's filled
With these prevailing arms;
He need not fear to meet his foe,
At law, or war's alarms.

PSALM 128.

1 THE man is blessed that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

3 His wife, like a fair, fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children, like young olive plants,
About his table spring.

4 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
5 And grant him, all his days, to see
Jerusalem's success.

6 He shall live on, till heirs from him
Descend with vast increase;
Much blessed in his own prosperous state,
And more in Israel's peace.

PSALM 129.

1 FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
They oft have me assailed,
2 Reduced me oft to heavy straits,
But never quite prevailed.

3 They oft have ploughed my patient back
With furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their chains,
And rescued us from wrong.

5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout,
Be still the doom of those,

Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
And Sion's God oppose.

6 Like corn upon our houses' tops,
Untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root,
Have blasted in the blade,—

7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
But unregarded leaves;
No binder thinks it worth his pains
To fold it into sheaves.

8 No traveller, that passes by,
Vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
Heaven's blessing on the crop.

PSALM 130.

1 FROM lowest depths of wo
To God I sent my cry;
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

3 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

5 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

6 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch,
To spy the dawning day.

7 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows,—
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succour flows,—

8 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey,—
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 131.

1 O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye,
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.

2 With infant innocence, thou know'st,
I have myself demeaned;
Composed to quiet, like a babe,
That from the breast is weaned.

3 Like me, let Israel hope in God,
His aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
Who lives for evermore.

PSALM 132.

1 LET David, Lord, a constant place
In thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endured
Be ever in thy mind.

2 Remember what a solemn oath
To thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vowed;
Whom Jacob's sons adore,—

3, 4 I will not go into my house,
Nor to my bed ascend,
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
Nor sleep my eye-lids bend,—

5 Till, for the Lord's designed abode;
I mark the destined ground,
Till I a decent place of rest
For Jacob's God have found.

6 The appointed place, with shouts of joy,
At Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighbouring fields
Our glad applause resound.

7 O! with due reverence, let us, then,
To his abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fallen,
Pour out our humble prayer.

8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;

Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence, blessed.

9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy Anointed's voice.

11 God sware to David in his truth,
Nor shall his oath be vain,—
One of thy offspring, after thee,
Upon thy throne shall reign;—

12 And, if thy seed my cov'nant keep,
And to my laws submit;
Their children, too, upon thy throne
For evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel,
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
My saving health confess.

17 There David's power shall long remain
In his successive line,
And my anointed servant there
Shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquished foes
Confusion shall o'erspread;
Whilst, with confirmed success, his crown
Shall flourish on his head.

PSALM 133.

1 HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love!

2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil;

Or like the early drops, that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordained,
And life's eternal spring.

PSALM 134.

1 BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That, in his temple, night by night,
With humble reverence wait.

2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name:
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

PSALM 135.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care,
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing,
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

4 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring, for his own
Most valued treasure, takes.

5 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found,
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crowned.

6 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heaven and earth, and watery stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

7 He raises vapours from the ground,
Which, poised in liquid air,
Fall down, at last, in showers, through which
His dreadful lightnings glare.

8 He from his store-house brings the winds;
And he, with vengeful hand,
The first-born slew of man and beast,
Through Egypt's mourning land.

9 He dreadful signs and wonders showed,
Through stubborn Egypt's coasts;
Nor Pharaoh could his plagues escape,
Nor all his numerous hosts.

10, 11 'Twas he that various nations smote,
And mighty kings suppressed;
Sihon and Og, and all besides,
Who Canaan's land possessed.

12, 13 Their land upon his chosen race
He firmly did entail;
For which his fame shall always last,
His praise shall never fail.

14 For God shall soon his people's cause,
With pitying eyes, survey,
Repent him of his wrath, and turn
His kindled rage away.

15 Those idols, whose false worship spreads
O'er all the heathen lands,
Are made of silver and of gold,
The work of human hands.

16, 17 They move not their fictitious tongues,
Nor see with polished eyes;
Their counterfeited ears are deaf,
No breath their mouth supplies.

18 As senseless as themselves are they,
That all their skill apply
To make them, or, in dangerous times,
On them for aid rely.

19 Their just returns of thanks to God
Let grateful Israel pay;
Nor let the priests of Aaron's race
To bless the Lord delay.

20 Their sense of his unbounded love
Let Levi's house express;

And let all those who fear the Lord
His name for ever bless.
21 Let all, with thanks, his wondrous works
In Sion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where he dwells,
Exalt his holy name.

PSALM 136.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant Friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

2, 3 To him, whose wondrous power
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay:
For God, &c.

4, 5 By his almighty hand
Amazing works are wrought;
The heavens, by his command,
Were to perfection brought:
For God, &c.

6 He spread the ocean round
About the spacious land,
And made the rising ground
Above the waters stand:
For God, &c.

7, 8, 9 Through heaven he did display
His numerous hosts of light,
The sun to rule by day,
The moon and stars by night:
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12 He struck the first-born dead
Of Egypt's stubborn land,
And thence his people led
With his resistless hand:
For God, &c.

13, 14 By him the raging sea,
As if in pieces rent,

Disclosed a middle way,
Through which his people went:
For God, *&c.*

15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost:
For God, *&c.*

16, 17, 18 Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed,
And famous princes foiled,
And made great monarchs bleed:
For God, *&c.*

19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
Great Ammon's sceptre swayed;
And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obeyed:
For God, *&c.*

21, 22 And, of his wondrous grace,
Their lands whom he destroyed
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoyed:
For God, *&c.*

23, 24 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
For God, *&c.*

25, 26 He does the food supply,
On which all creatures live:
To God, who reigns on high,
Eternal praises give:
For God will prove
Our constant Friend;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

PSALM 137.

1 WHEN we, our weary limbs to rest,
Sat down by proud Euphrates' stream,
We wept, with doleful thoughts oppressed,
And Sion was our mournful theme.

2 Our harps, that, when with joy we sung,
Were wont their tuneful parts to bear,
With silent strings neglected hung
On willow trees that withered there.

3 Meanwhile our foes, who all conspired
To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us required :—
" Come, sing us one of Sion's songs."

4 How shall we tune our voice to sing,
Or touch our harps with skilful hands ?
Shall hymns of joy to God, our King,
Be sung by slaves in foreign lands ?

5 O Salem, our once happy seat,
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling hand forget
The speaking strings with art to move.

6 If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal silence seize my tongue ;
Or if I sing one cheerful air,
Till thy deliverance is my song.

7 Remember, Lord, how Edom's race,
In thy own city's fatal day,
Cried out, " Her stately walls deface,
And with the ground quite level lay."

8 Proud Babel's daughter, doomed to be
Of grief and wo the wretched prey,
Blessed is the man who shall to thee
The wrongs thou laid'st on us repay ;—

9 Thrice blessed, who, with just rage possessed,
And deaf to all the parents' moans,
Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,
And dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM 138.

1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim ;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.

Disclosed a middle way,
Through which his people went:
For God, &c.

15 Where soon he overthrew
Proud Pharaoh and his host,
Who, daring to pursue,
Were in the billows lost:
For God, &c.

16, 17, 18 Through deserts vast and wild
He led the chosen seed,
And famous princes foiled,
And made great monarchs bleed:
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19, 20 Sihon, whose potent hand
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And Og, whose stern command
Rich Bashan's land obeyed:
For God, &c.

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Their lands whom he destroyed
He gave to Israel's race,
To be by them enjoyed:
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23, 24 He, in our depth of woes,
On us with favour thought,
And from our cruel foes
In peace and safety brought:
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To triumph in our slavish wrongs,
Music and mirth of us required:—
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Or touch our harps with skilful hands?
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In thy own city's fatal day,
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Shall snatch thy infants from the breast,
And dash their heads against the stones.

PSALM 138.

1 WITH my whole heart, my God and King,
Thy praise I will proclaim;
Before the gods with joy I'll sing,
And bless thy holy name.

2 I'll worship at thy sacred seat,
And, with thy love inspired,
The praises of thy truth repeat,
O'er all thy works admired.

2 But soon, in unaccustomed mirth,
We did our voice employ,
And sung our great Restorer's praise
In thankful hymns of joy.

Our heathen foes, repining, stood,
Yet were compelled to own,
That great and wondrous was the work
Our God for us had done.

3 "'Twas great," say they, "'twas wondrous great;"
Much more should we confess,
The Lord has done great things, whereof
We reap the glad success.

4 To us bring back the remnant, Lord,
Of Israel's captive bands,
More welcome than refreshing showers
To parched and thirsty lands;—

5 That we, whose work commenced in tears,
May see our labours thrive,
Till finished with success, to make
Our drooping hearts revive.

6 Though he desponds, that sows his grain,
Yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-eared sheaves, and bring
The joyful harvest home.

PSALM 127.

1 WE build with fruitless cost, unless
The Lord the pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the city keep,
The watchman wakes in vain;—

2 In vain we rise before the day,
And late to rest repair,
Allow no respite to our toil,
And eat the bread of care.

Supplies of life, with ease to them,
He on his saints bestows;
He crowns their labours with success,
Their nights with sound repose.

3 Children, those comforts of our life,
Are presents from the Lord;
He gives a numerous race of heirs
As piety's reward.

4 As arrows in a giant's hand,
When marching forth to war,
Ev'n so the sons of sprightly youth
Their parents' safeguard are.

5 Happy the man whose quiver's filled
With these prevailing arms;
He need not fear to meet his foe,
At law, or war's alarms.

PSALM 128.

1 THE man is blessed that fears the Lord,
Nor only worship pays,
But keeps his steps confined with care
To his appointed ways.

2 He shall upon the sweet returns
Of his own labour feed;
Without dependence live, and see
His wishes all succeed.

3 His wife, like a fair, fertile vine,
Her lovely fruit shall bring;
His children, like young olive plants,
About his table spring.

4 Who fears the Lord shall prosper thus;
Him Sion's God shall bless,
5 And grant him, all his days, to see
Jerusalem's success.

6 He shall live on, till heirs from him
Descend with vast increase;
Much blessed in his own prosperous state,
And more in Israel's peace.

PSALM 129.

1 FROM my youth up, may Israel say,
They oft have me assailed,
2 Reduced me oft to heavy straits,
But never quite prevailed.

3 They oft have ploughed my patient back
With furrows deep and long;
4 But our just God has broke their chains,
And rescued us from wrong.

5 Defeat, confusion, shameful rout,
Be still the doom of those,

Their righteous doom, who Sion hate,
And Sion's God oppose.

6 Like corn upon our houses' tops,
Untimely let them fade,
Which too much heat, and want of root,
Have blasted in the blade,—

7 Which in his arms no reaper takes,
But unregarded leaves;
No binder thinks it worth his pains
To fold it into sheaves.

8 No traveller, that passes by,
Vouchsafes a minute's stop,
To give it one kind look, or crave
Heaven's blessing on the crop.

PSALM 130.

1 FROM lowest depths of wo
To God I sent my cry;
2 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply.

3 Shouldst thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear?
4 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

5 My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.

6 My longing eyes look out
For thy enlivening ray,
More duly than the morning watch,
To spy the dawning day.

7 Let Israel trust in God;
No bounds his mercy knows,—
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succour flows,—

8 Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey,—
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM 131.

1 O LORD, I am not proud of heart,
Nor cast a scornful eye,
Nor my aspiring thoughts employ
In things for me too high.

2 With infant innocence, thou know'st,
I have myself demeaned;
Composed to quiet, like a babe,
That from the breast is weaned.

3 Like me, let Israel hope in God,
His aid alone implore;
Both now and ever trust in him,
Who lives for evermore.

PSALM 132.

1 LET David, Lord, a constant place
In thy remembrance find;
Let all the sorrows he endured
Be ever in thy mind.

2 Remember what a solemn oath
To thee, his Lord, he swore;
How to the mighty God he vowed;
Whom Jacob's sons adore,—

3, 4 I will not go into my house,
Nor to my bed ascend,
No soft repose shall close my eyes,
Nor sleep my eye-lids bend,—

5 Till, for the Lord's designed abode;
I mark the destined ground,
Till I a decent place of rest
For Jacob's God have found.

6 The appointed place, with shouts of joy,
At Ephrata we found,
And made the woods and neighbouring fields
Our glad applause resound.

7 O! with due reverence, let us, then,
To his abode repair;
And, prostrate at his footstool fallen,
Pour out our humble prayer.

8 Arise, O Lord, and now possess
Thy constant place of rest;

Be that, not only with thy ark,
But with thy presence, blessed.

9, 10 Clothe thou thy priests with righteousness,
Make thou thy saints rejoice ;
And, for thy servant David's sake,
Hear thy Anointed's voice.

11 God sware to David in his truth,
Nor shall his oath be vain,—
One of thy offspring, after thee,
Upon thy throne shall reign ;—

12 And, if thy seed my cov'nant keep,
And to my laws submit;
Their children, too, upon thy throne
For evermore shall sit.

13, 14 For Sion does, in God's esteem,
All other seats excel,
His place of everlasting rest,
Where he desires to dwell.

15, 16 Her store, says he, I will increase,
Her poor with plenty bless ;
Her saints shall shout for joy, her priests
My saving health confess.

17 There David's power shall long remain
In his successive line,
And my anointed servant there
Shall with fresh lustre shine.

18 The faces of his vanquished foes
Confusion shall o'erspread ;
Whilst, with confirmed success, his crown
Shall flourish on his head.

PSALM 133.

1 HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove,
Who live like brethren, and consent
In offices of love !

2 True love is like that precious oil,
Which, poured on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.

3 'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
On Hermon's top distil ;

Or like the early drops, that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.

4 For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the Almighty King
The promised blessing has ordained,
And life's eternal spring.

PSALM 134.

1 BLESS God, ye servants, that attend
Upon his solemn state,
That, in his temple, night by night,
With humble reverence wait.

2, 3 Within his house lift up your hands,
And bless his holy name:
From Sion bless thy Israel, Lord,
Who earth and heaven didst frame.

PSALM 135.

1 O PRAISE the Lord, with one consent,
And magnify his name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

2 Praise him, all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care,
With those that to his outmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

3 For this our truest interest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing,
And with loud songs to bless his name,
A most delightful thing.

4 For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes;
And Israel's offspring, for his own
Most valued treasure, takes.

5 That God is great, we often have
By glad experience found,
And seen how he, with wondrous power,
Above all gods is crowned.

6 For he, with unresisted strength,
Performs his sovereign will,
In heaven and earth, and watery stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

From age to age thy glorious name
Successively descends.

5, 6 Whilst I thy glory and renown,
And wondrous works, express,
The world with me thy might shall own,
And thy great power confess.

7 The praise that to thy love belongs,
They shall with joy proclaim;
Thy truth, of all their grateful songs,
Shall be the constant theme.

8 The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

9, 10 Thy love through earth extends its fame
To all thy works expressed;
These show thy praise, whilst thy great name
Is by thy servants blessed.

11 They, with a glorious prospect fired,
Shall of thy kingdom speak;
And thy great power, by all admired,
Their lofty subject make.

12 God's glorious works of ancient date
Shall thus to all be known,
And thus his kingdom's royal state
With public splendour shown.

13 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

PART II.

14, 15 The Lord does them support that fall,
And makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind aid all creatures call
Who timely food supplies.

16 Whate'er their various wants require,
With open hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just desire
Of every thing that lives.

17, 18 How holy is the Lord! how just,
How righteous, all his ways!

How nigh to him, who, with firm trust,
For his assistance prays!

19 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore,
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.

20 The Lord preserves all those with care,
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
With furious rage destroys.

21 My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame;
And all mankind, with one consent,
For ever bless his name.

PSALM 146.

1, 2 O PRAISE the Lord; and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

3 On kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dangerous times,
Nor timely help apply.

4 Deprived of breath, to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie;
And all their thoughts and vain designs,
Together with them, die.

5 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his Protector takes;
Who still, with well-placed hope, the Lord
His constant Refuge makes.

6 The Lord, who made both heaven and earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.

7 The poor, oppressed, from all their wrongs
Are eased by his decree;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.

8 By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fallen he rears;

With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.

9 The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats;
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.

10 The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King;
From age to age his reign endures;
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM 147.

1 O PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
And celebrate his fame;
For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
To praise his holy name.

2 His holy city God will build,
Though levelled with the ground;
Bring back his people, though dispersed
Through all the nations round.

3, 4 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
And all their wounds does close;
He tells the number of the stars,
Their several names he knows.

5, 6 Great is the Lord, and great his power,
His wisdom has no bound;
The meek he raises, and throws down
The wicked to the ground.

7 To God, the Lord, a hymn of praise,
With grateful voices, sing;
To songs of triumph tune the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

8 He covers heaven with clouds, and thence
Refreshing rain bestows;
Through him, on mountain tops, the grass
With wondrous plenty grows.

9 He savage beasts, that loosely range,
With timely food supplies;
He feeds the raven's tender brood,
And stops their hungry cries.

10 He values not the warlike steed,
But does his strength disdain;
The nimble foot, that swiftly runs,
No prize from him can gain.

11 But he, to him that fears his name,
His tender love extends,
To him that on his boundless grace
With steadfast hope depends.

12, 13 Let Sion and Jerusalem
To God their praise address,
Who fenced their gates with massy bars,
And does their children bless.

14, 15 Through all their borders he gives peace;
With finest wheat they're fed;
He speaks the word, and what he wills
Is done as soon as said.

16 Large flakes of snow, like fleecy wool,
Descend at his command;
And hoary frost, like ashes spread,
Is scattered o'er the land.

17 When, joined to these, he does his hail
In little morsels break,
Who can against his piercing cold
Secure defences make?

18 He sends his word, which melts the ice;
He makes his wind to blow;
And soon the streams, congealed before,
In plenteous currents flow.

19 By him his statutes and decrees
To Jacob's sons were shown;
And still to Israel's chosen seed
His righteous laws are known.

20 No other nation this can boast;
Nor did he e'er afford
To heathen lands his oracles,
And knowledge of his word.

PSALM 148.

1, 2 YE boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;

His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame:
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim,
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.

3, 4 Thou moon, that rul'st the night,
And sun, that guid'st the day,
Ye glittering stars of light,
To him your homage pay:
His praise declare,
Ye heavens above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.

5, 6 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came;
And all shall last,
From changes free;
His firm decree
Stands ever fast.

7, 8 Let earth her tribute pay;
Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
And fish, that through the sea
Glide swift with glittering scales;
Fire, hail, and snow,
And misty air,
And winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10 By hills and mountains, all
In grateful concert joined;
By cedars stately tall,
And trees for fruit designed;
By every beast,
And creeping thing,
And fowl of wing,
His name be blest.

11, 12 Let all of royal birth,
With those of humbler frame,
And judges of the earth,
His matchless praise proclaim:

PSALM 149.

In this design,
Let youths with maids,
And hoary heads
With children join.

13 United zeal be shown
His wondrous fame to raise,
Whose glorious name, alone,
Deserves our endless praise:
Earth's utmost ends
His power obey;
His glorious sway
The sky transcends.

14 His chosen saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours Israel's race,
Who still to him are nigh:
O! therefore, raise
Your grateful voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM 149.

1, 2 O PRAISE ye the Lord;
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing:
In our great Creator
Let Israel rejoice,
And children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

3, 4 Let them his great name
Extol in the dance,
With timbrel and harp
His praises express,
Who always takes pleasure
His saints to advance,
And with his salvation
The humble to bless.

5, 6 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who their beds
With safety does shield:

PSALM 150.

Their mouths filled with praises
Of him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged sword
Their right hand shall wield,—

7, 8 Just vengeance to take
For injuries passed;
To punish those lands
For ruin designed;
With chains, as their captives,
To tie their kings fast,
With fetters of iron
Their nobles to bind.

9 Thus shall they make good,
When them they destroy,
The dreadful decree
Which God does proclaim;
Such honour and triumph
His saints shall enjoy:
O! therefore, for ever,
Exalt his great name.

PSALM 150.

1 O PRAISE the Lord in that blessed place,
From whence his goodness largely flows;
Praise him in heaven, where he his face,
Unveiled, in perfect glory, shows.

2 Praise him for all the mighty acts
Which he in our behalf has done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.

4 Let virgin troops soft timbrels bring,
And some with graceful motion dance,
Let instruments of various string,
With organs joined, his praise advance.

5 Let them, who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

6 Let all, that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise, employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

GLORIA PATRI.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

As Psalm 100.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 37.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth, adore,
Be glory, as in ages passed,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blessed,
Eternal three in One,
All worship be addressed;

GLORIA PATRI.

As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

By angels in heaven,
Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
All praise be addressed
To God in three persons,
One God ever blessed;
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

HYMNS.

I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. *C. M.*

1 GREAT GOD, with wonder and with praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy Gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth, beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day, to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 2. *C. M.*

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find,
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O! may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructer, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

II. CREATION.

HYMN 3. *C. M.*

1 GREAT First of beings, mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame,
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high command;
'Twas instantly obeyed;
And, through thy goodness, all things stand,
Which by thy power were made.

HYMN 4.

3 Lord, for thy glory, shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this, in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this, the sun disperses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars, in order set,
By night thy power display.

5 For this, the earth its produce yields,
For this, the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end—
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 4. *C. M.*

Genesis, i.

1 LET heaven arise, let earth appear,
Proclaimed the eternal Lord:
The heaven arose, the earth appeared,
At his creating word.

2 But formless was the earth, and void,
Dark, sluggish, and confused,
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,
And quickening power diffused.

3 Then spake the Lord omnipotent
The mandate, "Be there light:"
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scattered ancient night.

4 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky;
And fixed the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.

5 He bade the seas together flow;
They left the solid land;
And herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at his command.

6 Above, he formed the stars; and placed
Two greater orbs of light;

The radiant sun to rule the day,
  The moon to rule the night.

7 To all the varied living tribes
  He gave their wondrous birth;
Some formed within the watery deep,
  Some from the teeming earth.

8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
  Man, honoured man, was made;
His soul with God's pure image stamped,
  With innocence arrayed.

9 Completed now the mighty work,
  God his creation viewed;
And, pleased with all that he had made,
  Pronounced it "very good."

HYMN 5. *II.* 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from living Creatures.

1 BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay;
  Let each enraptured thought obey,
  And praise the Almighty's name;
Let heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert, rise,
  To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
  His boundless mercy sing;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
  And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains,
That wings the air, or treads the plains,
  United praise bestow;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
  And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions swayed,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
  In heavenly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back the sound,
  The general burst of joy.

HYMN 6. *II.* 1.

Psalm cxlviii.

Praise from the Elements and Worlds.

1 YE fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim,
Tell how he formed your shining frame,
And breathed the fluid air.

2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid;
And, soon as evening veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallowed strain,
And praise him in the shade.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God;
Ye worlds, declare his might;
He spake the word, and ye were made;
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

4 Let every element rejoice;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

HYMN 7. *L. M.*

Psalm xix.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue, ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball!
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found!—

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

III. PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 8. *L. M.*

1 ETERNAL Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee, Sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the whole:
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
And be the grateful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here, in thy house, let incense rise,
And circling Sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 9. *H. 3.*

Psalm xxiii.

1 THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

HYMN 10. *C. M.*

1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise!

2 O! how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,

Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps, I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently cleared my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And, in a kind and faithful friend,
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And, after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee,
A joyful song I'll raise;
But, O! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 11. *III.* 1.

Psalm xxxi. 15.

"*My times are in thy hand.*"

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,

HYMN 12.

All our times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.

2 He that formed us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb;
All our ways shall ever be
Ordered by his wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrendered stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own!

HYMN 12. *C. M.*

1 GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

IV. REDEMPTION.

HYMN 13. *S. M.*

Job ix. 2—6.

1 AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God!
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark,
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God!
Who can with thee contend?
Or who, that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake.

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 14. *L. M.*

Job ix. 30—33.

1 THOUGH I should seek to wash me clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and wo;—

2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,
Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare;
Condemned, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace;

With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And, lo! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crowned:
In him, my soul, be cleansed from stain,
In him thy righteousness be found!

HYMN 15. *L. M.*

1 ALL-GLORIOUS GOD, what hymns of praise
Shall our transported voices raise!
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view!

2 Once we were fallen, and, O! how low!
Just on the brink of endless wo;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,—

3 Scattered the shades of death and night,
And spread around his heavenly light!
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls empoverished and undone!

4 He shows, beyond these mortal shores,
A bright inheritance as ours,
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

HYMN 16. *C. M.*

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound!
Glad tidings to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise, by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O, thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Our hearts shall kindle at thy name,
Thy name inspire our songs.

HYMN 17, 18.

Chorus, for the end of each verse.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever!
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

HYMN 17. *C. M.*

1 TO our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song:
O! may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue!

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O! may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 18. *III.* 3.

1 SAVIOUR, Source of every blessing,
Tune my heart to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I'm come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 19. *C. M.*

Titus iii. 4—7.

1 MY grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turned thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'Tis from the love of God, through Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And washed us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus, raised from death, we live anew,
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 20. *C. M.*

1 HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray:
Reason, debased, can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live,
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine:
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 21. *C. M.*

1 FATHER, to thee my soul I lift;
On thee my hope depends;
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Our God is *all in all.*

HYMN 22. *III.* 1.

1 SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made;
All is by his sceptre swayed;
What are we, that he should show
So much love to us below!

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood;

And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul; adore his name;
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home;
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 23. *S. M.*

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road,
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

V. THE CHURCH.

HYMN 24. *S. M.*

1 LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found,—

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the Ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe, thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire—
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 25. *S. M.*

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blessed Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er, to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her wo,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 26. *C. M.*

Hebrews, xii. 18, 22—24.

1 NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;—

2 But we are come to Zion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is changed to sight!

4 Behold the blessed assembly there,
Whose names are writ in heaven!
Hear God, the Judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven!

5 Angels, and living saints and, dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

HYMN 27. *S. M.*

1 BLESSED is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain!
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin, we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 28. *II.* 1.

Psalm cxxii.

The Church in Glory.

1 WITH joy shall I behold the day,
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blessed;
For, lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.

2 Even now, to my expecting eyes,
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;
I view her mansions, that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeemed of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crowned with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ
Before the Almighty King.

4 The King a seat hath there prepared,
High on eternal base upreared,
For his eternal Son;
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by him with glory crowned,
Attend, and share his throne.

5 Mother of cities, o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings outspread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blessed seat, my name behold
Among thy citizens enrolled,
And bid the world farewell.

HYMN 29. *L. M.*

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

1 TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;

Though humbled long, awake, at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Decked in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

4 God from on high has heard thy prayer,
His hand thy ruins shall repair:
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 30. *II.* 4.

1 AWAKE! ye saints, awake!
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blessed,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquished all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car,

While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away.

HYMN 31. *C. M.*

1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made:
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid,
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord:
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3 This is the homage he requires—
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ his Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done;
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 32. *S. M.*

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,

Till it is called to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 33. *L. M.*

1 ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun:
Return, my soul; enjoy thy rest;
Improve the hours thy God hath blessed.

2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies;
And Heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none, but they who feel it, know.

3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the Church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.

4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away:
How sweet, a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

HYMN 34. *II. 3.*

1 GREAT GOD, this sacred day of thine
Demands the soul's collected powers;
Gladly we now to thee resign
These solemn, consecrated hours:
O! may our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne!

2 All-seeing God, thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art intrude no more:
O! may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above!

3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day, indeed, be thine;
Then shall our souls, adoring, own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 35. *II.* 4.

1 IN loud, exalted strains,
The King of glory praise;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days;
But Zion, with his presence blessed,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

2 O King of glory, come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own:
Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted, to the skies;
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above;
Till all, who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

HYMN 36. *L. M.*

1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, be gone;
Let my religious hours alone:
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee.

2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

4 Send comfort down from thy right hand,
To cheer me in this barren land;

And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 37. *L. M.*

1 MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest;
Eternal King, erect thy throne,
And reign sole Monarch in my breast.

3 O! bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the day.

4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels sing.

HYMN 38. *III.* 1.

1 TO thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend;
Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And, at evening, let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

HYMN 39. *L. M.*

After Sermon.

1 ALMIGHTY FATHER, bless the word,
Which, through thy grace, we now have heard:
O! may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit!

2 We praise thee for the means of grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face:
Grant, Lord, that we, who worship here,
May all, at length, in heaven appear.

HYMN 40. *III. 5.*

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us, each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace:
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness!

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence
With us evermore be found!

ADVENT.

HYMN 41. *C. M.*

1 HARK! the glad sound—the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long!
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes oppressed with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad hosannas, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 42. *III.* 3.

1 HAIL! thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free!
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's Strength and Consolation,
Hope of all the saints, thou art;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 43. *C. M.*

Luke, ii. 8—15.

1 WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

HYMN 44.

2 "Fear not," said he—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind;—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
"Is born, of David's line,
"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord;
"And this shall be the sign:—

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall find,
"To human view displayed,
"All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Addressed their joyful song:—

6 "All glory be to God on high,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good-will, henceforth, from heaven to men,
"Begin and never cease."

HYMN 44. *C. M.*

1 WHILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise?
O! may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise!

2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng;
For angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.

3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! the incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven!

4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promised child is born!"

5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid;
Be glory, then, by us proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed,—

6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns,
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains!

HYMN 45. *III.* 1.

1 HARK! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!

2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb!

4 Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell,
Jesus, now Emanuel!

5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings;
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!

HYMN 46.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

1 ZION, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth!
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

2 Tell how he cometh; from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King.

HYMN 47. *C. M.*

Isaiah, ix. 2—7.

1 THE race, that long in darkness pined,
Have seen a glorious light;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.

2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life,
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.

3 For thou our burden hast removed;
The oppressor's reign is broke;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.

4 To us the promised Child is born;
To us the Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.

5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,—
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.

6 His power, increasing still, shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

END OF THE YEAR.

HYMN 48. *C. M.*

1 TIME hastens on; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high,
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

2 As time departs, salvation comes;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day,
Welcome each closing year.

3 Not many years their course shall run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 49. *C. M.*

St. Luke, xiii. 6—9.

1 SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig-tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.

2 From year to year the tree he views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then, "Cut it down," the Lord commands;
"Why cumbers it the ground?"

3 But, lo! the gracious Saviour pleads—
"The barren fig-tree spare;
"Another year, in mercy, wait;
"It yet may bloom and bear:—

4 "But, if my culture prove in vain,
"And still no fruit be found,
"I plead no more; destroy the tree,
"And root it from thy ground."

NEW YEAR.

HYMN 50. *L. M.*

1 THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each opening year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.

2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!

3 We yet survive; but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or day,

"I shall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far, at least, in league with death?"

4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.

5 To thee our spirits we resign;
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

6 Thy children, panting to be gone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no more.

7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues;—

8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

9 O! long-expected year, begin;
Dawn on this world of wo and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 51. *C. M.*

1 AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.

2 The world and worldly things, beloved,
My anxious thoughts employed;
And time, unhallowed, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.

3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast;
Thy grace it is which prompts the prayer;
That grace can do the rest.

4 My life's brief remnant all be thine;
And, when thy sure decree

Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O! speed my soul to thee.

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 52. *S. M.*

Isaiah, lii. 7—10.

1 HOW beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill,
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!

2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour-King!
"He reigns and triumphs here."

3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found!

4 How blessed are our eyes,
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.

5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.

6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad:
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 53. *II. 5.*

Isaiah, lx. &c.

1 RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!

2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,

In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!

3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings!

4 The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But, fixed, his word, his saving power remains—
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns!

HYMN 54. *II.* 6.

Psalm lxxii.

1 HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail! in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun.
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;

His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

HYMN 55. *C. M.*

Isaiah, ii. 2—5.

1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God,
In latter days, shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house, we'll go.

3 The beams that shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.

5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.

6 Come, O ye house of Jacob, come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

LENT.

HYMN 56. *III.* 1.

Litany.

1 SAVIOUR, when, in dust, to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies,
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O! by all thy pains and wo,
Suffered once for man below,

Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness,
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds, thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross, thy pangs and cries,
By thy perfect sacrifice,—
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep, expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save,—
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 57. *L. M.*

1 MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 58. *C. M.*

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O! let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah! how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

3 O! gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My Guardian and my Guide.

6 O! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 59. *C. M.*

1 HOW oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return:"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O! take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou, yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine,

That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine!

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O! keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 60. *L. M.*

1 O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it looks to thee;
O! burst its bonds, and set it free.

2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross;
Hallow each thought; let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my Light, be thou my Way;
No foes, no violence, I fear,
No harm, while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of wo,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee;
O! let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

See Hymns on Repentance.

PASSION WEEK, AND GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 61. *III.* 4.

Isaiah, lxiii. 1—4.

1 WHO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stained with blood,
To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might;
'Tis the Saviour; O! how glorious,
To his people, is the sight!
Satan conquered, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain:
Fallen they are, no more to rise;
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast healed thy people's woes.

HYMN 62. *L. M.*

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ, my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did ere such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 63. *C. M.*

1 BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend,
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid;
"Receive my soul!" he cries;
See where he bows his sacred head!
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine;
O! Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine!

HYMN 64. *C. M.*

1 MY Saviour, hanging on the tree,
In agonies and blood,
Methought, once turned his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

4 Alas! I knew not what I did;
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive:
"This blood is for thy ransom paid;
"I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 65. *C. M.*

1 FROM whence these direful omens round,
Which heaven and earth amaze?

HYMN 66.

Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground?
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Well may the earth, astonished, shake,
And nature sympathize,
The sun as darkest night be black;
Their Maker, Jesus, dies!

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'tis he,
My Saviour and my God!

4 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me this death is borne;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave;
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain;
O! save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain.

HYMN 66. *L. M.*

St. John, xix. 30.

1 'TIS finished—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head, and died:
'Tis finished—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finished—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfilled, as long designed,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finished—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finished—this, my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone;
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, my last, expiring breath.

5 'Tis finished—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finished—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'Tis finished—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth and sky.

HYMN 67. *L. M.*

For the Jews.

1 HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains;
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's flood;
In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing?

EASTER.

HYMN 68. *C. M.*

1 Cor. v. 8. Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

1 SINCE Christ, our Passover, is slain,
A Sacrifice for all,
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival:—

2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeigned sincerity,
And truth's unleavened bread.

3 Christ, being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die;
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 69. *III.* 1.

1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and, earth, reply.

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won;
Jesus' agony is o'er;
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise;
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise—
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 70. *L. M.*

Col. iii. 1, 2.

1 YE faithful souls, who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare:—

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your Head, to heaven

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,

In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 71. *C. M.*

1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 22. Col. iii. 1.

1 CHRIST from the dead is raised, and made
The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive;
So, by the righteousness of Christ,
Shall all be made alive.

3 If, then, ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where Christ
At God's right hand is set.

ASCENSION.

HYMN 72. *L. M.*

1 HE dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!

2 Ye saints, approach; the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your load;
He gives his precious life for you;
For you he sheds his precious blood.

3 Here's love and grief beyond degree:
The Lord of glory dies for men!
But, lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus, the dead, revives again!

4 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
Up to his Father's court he flies;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies.

5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns;
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant Death in chains.

6 Say, "Live for ever, glorious King,
"Born to redeem, instruct, and save!"
Then ask—"O death, where is thy sting?
"And where thy victory, O grave?"

HYMN 73. *L. M.*

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
"Ye everlasting doors, give way."

3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right;
Receive the King of glory in.

4 "Who is the King of glory? who?"
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew;
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
"Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates;
"Ye everlasting doors, give way."

6 "Who is the King of glory? who?"
The Lord, of boundless power possessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever blessed!

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 74. *C. M.*

1 COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine;

Till every heart which thou hast made
Be filled with grace divine.

2 Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
Of God, and Fire of love;
The everlasting Spring of joy,
And Unction from above.

3 Thy gifts are manifold; thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart;
The Promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.

4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace;
Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.

5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blessed, we may
Escape the snares of sin.

6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

HYMN 75. *C. M.*

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 76. *C. M.*

1 HE'S come! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joy resume;
Sing, ye redeemed, with one consent,
"The Comforter is come."

2 What greater gift, what greater love,
Could God on man bestow?
Angels for this rejoice above;
Let man rejoice below!

3 Hail, blessed Spirit! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal.

4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know;
Thy motions point to us the way;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 77. *L. M.*

1 O HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy name,
For ever be thy name adored;
Thy glories let the world proclaim.

2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day.

3 O Holy Spirit, from above,
In streams of light and glory given,
Thou Source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and heaven.

4 O God triune, to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning tongue.

HYMN 78. *L. M.*

1 FATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,

Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend.

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend:

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah,—Father, Spirit, Son,—
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

HYMN 79. *II.* 4.

1 WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting wo:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God, to thee
Be endless honours done;

The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one:
Where Reason fails,
With all her powers,
There Faith prevails,
And Love adores.

FAST-DAY.

HYMN 80. *C. M.*

1 ALMIGHTY LORD, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend:
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O! turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace:
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then, should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 81. *III. 3.*

1 DREAD JEHOVAH, God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications;
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,

Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 82. *L. M.*

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

1 NOW may the God of grace and power
Attend his people's humble cry,
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses trained for war,
And some of chariots make their boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our song.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

HYMN 83. *III. 2.*

PART I.

1 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ:
All to thee, our God, we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich, o'erflowing stores;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PART II.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear;
Though the sickening flock should fall,
And the herd desert the stall;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine altered hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

7 Life and grace, whate'er our wo,
Still to thee, our God, we owe;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 84. *C. M.*

1 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
The plants in beauty grew;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to shine,
The mild, refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway:
Thy hand all nature hails;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 85. *L. M.*

For public Mercies and Deliverances.

1 SALVATION doth to God belong;
His power and grace shall be our song;
From him alone all mercies flow;
His arm alone subdues the foe.

2 Then praise this God, who bows his ear
Propitious to his people's prayer;
And, though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O! may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine Almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour and our king,—

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise,
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM.

HYMN 86. *III.* 3.

1 SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding,
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share,—

2 Now, *these* little *ones* receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm;
There, we know,—thy word believing,—
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never, from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then, within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting place;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 87. *S. M.*

1 THE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast;
He folds them in his gracious arms;
Himself declares them blessed.

2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim;
"The heirs of heaven are such as these;
"For such as these I came."

3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring, that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

HYMN 88. *S. M.*

Of Adults.

Ephesians, vi. 10—13.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,

Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.

2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God;—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 89. *L. M.*

1 O HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.

3 'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me thine;
Help me, through grace, to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.

4 Here rest, my oft divided heart;
Fixed on thy God, thy Saviour, rest;
Who with the world would grieve to part,
When called on angels' food to feast?

5 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 90. *C. M.*

1 WITNESS, ye men and angels, now;
Before the Lord we speak;

To him we make our solemn vow,—
A vow we dare not break,—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely,
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 91. *C. M.*

1 YOUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, though offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

2 'Tis easier far, if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are hardened by their crimes.

3 It saves us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our hearts we now resign:
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 92. *C. M.*

1 O, IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—

2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious name
And character engraved;—

3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days,
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways;—

4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret, deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.

5 True wisdom, early sought and gained,
In age will give thee rest:
O, then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blessed!

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 93. *C. M.*

Rev. v. 12, 9, &c.

1 THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive;
Since all things by thy power were made,
And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour and wealth to gain,
Glory and strength; who, for our sins,
A sacrifice was slain!

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeemed,
And ransomed us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb, be given.

HYMN 94. *L. M.*

1 MY God, and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood!

Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Why are its bounties, all in vain,
Before unwilling hearts, displayed?
Was not for you the victim slain?
Are you forbid the children's bread?

4 O! let thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes.

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O Lord,
In countless numbers, let them come,
And gather, from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the tomb.

6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run;
Till, with this bread, all men be blessed,
Who see the light, or feel the sun.

HYMN 95. *C. M.*

1 AND are we now brought near to God,
Who once at distance stood?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood?

2 O! for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above!
What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love?

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King;
O! may that love, which spread this board,
Inspire us while we sing,—

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
"And to the earth be peace;
"Good-will from heaven to men is come,
"And let it never cease!"

HYMN 96. *L. M.*

1 TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That name, in heaven and earth adored,
Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A *cheerful song* of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes, which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet, whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O! let our warm affections move
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid
To see thy wondrous love displayed;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful, agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential wo,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow;
And thy forgiving love impart
Life, hope, and joy, to every heart.

ORDINATION OR INSTITUTION OF MINISTERS.

HYMN 97. *L. M.*

St. Matt. x.

1 GO forth, ye heralds, in my name;
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove;
And let your Heaven-taught conduct show
That ye're commissioned from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 98. *L. M.*

St. Mark, xvi. 15, &c., and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

1 "GO, preach my gospel," saith the Lord;
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
"Explain to them my sacred word;
"Bid them believe, obey, and live.

2 "I'll make my great commission known,
"And ye shall prove my gospel true,
"By all the works that I have done,
"And all the wonders ye shall do.

3 "Go, heal the sick, go, raise the dead,
"Go, cast out devils in my name;
"Nor let my prophets be afraid,
"Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

4 "While thus ye follow my commands,
"I'm with you till the world shall end;
"All power is trusted in my hands;
"I can destroy, and can defend."

5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 99. *L. M.*

1 THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph o'er his foes,
Scattered his gifts on men below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

2 Hence sprang the *apostle's* honoured name,
Sacred beyond heroic fame;
Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
And hence the *evangelic* page.

3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence, and *teachers*, rise;
Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
Still mark a long-extended line.

4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And, fed by him, their graces live;
Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
Amidst the rage of hell they stand.

5 So shall the bright succession run
Through all the courses of the sun;
Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.

6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know
The Spring whence all these blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise,
Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 100. *L. M.*

1 FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

2 How great their work! how vast their charge!
Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
Their best acquirements are our gain;
We share the blessings they obtain.

3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
Their words, and let those words be thine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal;
Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

4 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain—
Souls that will well reward their pain.

5 Let thronging multitudes, around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new-creating power.

6 Let sinners break their massy chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

HYMN 101. *L. M.*

1 AND wilt thou, O eternal God,
On earth establish thine abode?
Then look propitious from thy throne,
And take this temple for thine own.

HYMN 102.

2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
Long may they echo in thy praise;
And thou, descending, fill the place
With the rich tokens of thy grace.

3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
With all the graces of his train;
While power divine his word attends,
To conquer foes and cheer his friends.

4 And, in the last, decisive day,
When God the nations shall survey,
May it before the world appear,
Thousands were born for glory here.

MISSIONS.

HYMN 102. *L. M.*

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms, of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blessed.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

HYMN 103. *L. M.*

Psalm cxvii.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Jehovah's glorious name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue,

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 104. *L. M.*

1 O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order, in thy path;
Souls without strength inspire with might;
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

HYMN 105. *II.* 1.

For Missions to the new Settlements in the United States.

1 WHEN, Lord, to this our western land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost;
Thy temples there arose;

Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallowed by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossomed as the rose.

3 And, O! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land!
There brethren, from our common home,
Still westward, like our fathers, roam,
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour, we own this debt of love:
O! shed thy spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast;
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 106. *C. M.*

Isaiah, xxxv. 2.

1 ON Zion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright.

2 From thence its mild and cheering ray
Streamed forth from land to land;
And empires now behold its day,
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illume;
Our farther regions, once unblessed,
Now like a garden bloom.

4 But, ah! our deserts, deep and wild,
See not this heavenly light;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 *Thou*, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine.

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil!

HYMN 107. *III.* 6.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O! salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 108. *L. M.*

For the Jews.

1 DISOWNED of Heaven, by man oppressed,
Outcasts from Zion's hallowed ground,
Wherefore should Israel's sons, once blessed,
Still roam the scorning world around?

2 Lord, visit thy forsaken race;
Back to thy fold the wanderers bring;

Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
And hail in Christ their promised King.

3 The veil of darkness rend in twain,
Which hides their Shiloh's glorious light;
The severed olive-branch again
Firm to its parent stock unite.

4 Hail, glorious day, expected long,
When Jew and Greek one prayer shall pour,
With eager feet one temple throng,
With grateful praise one God adore!

HYMN 109. *IV*, 1.

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

1 HOW wondrous and great
Thy works, God of praise!
How just, King of saints,
And true, are thy ways!
O! who shall not fear thee,
And honour thy name!
Thou only art holy,
Thou only supreme.

2 To nations long dark
Thy light shall be shown;
Their worship and vows
Shall come to thy throne:
Thy truth and thy judgments
Shall spread all abroad,
Till earth's every people
Confess thee their God.

FOR SUNDAY AND CHARITY SCHOOLS.

HYMN 110. *II*. 4.

CHILDREN AND CONGREGATION.

Children.

1 COME, let our voices join,
In one glad song of praise;
To God, the God of love,
Our grateful hearts we raise;

Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs;
His love demands your earliest songs.

HYMN 111.

Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
The Book of life divine,
Where our Redeemer's love
And brightest glories shine:

Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
Who sends his word to us and you.

Children.

3 Within these hallowed walls
Our wandering feet are brought,
Where prayer and praise ascend,
And heavenly truths are taught:

Congregation.

To God alone your offerings bring;
Here in his church his praises sing.

Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
Our gratitude receive:
Lord, here accept our hearts;
'Tis all that we can give:

Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs;
To thee alone their praise belongs.

Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
Be crowned with meet success;
May thousands, yet unborn,
This institution bless:
Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
Now, and through all eternity.

HYMN 111. *III.* 1.

1 GLORY to the Father give,
God, in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.

2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

3 Glory to the Holy Ghost;
He reclaims the sinner lost;
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 112. *C. M.*

1 WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne,
He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found, below,
In wisdom's paths of peace;
Like him, in grace and knowledge grow,
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words, and kind his look,
When mothers round him pressed;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom blessed.

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,
O! thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie!

HYMN 113. *L. M.*

1 LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee:
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go:
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that earth and sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O! write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,
Fill up this sinful heart of mine;

That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

HYMN 114. *C. M.*

1 MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O! may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God, thine influence shed
To aid this blessed design;
The honour of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN 115. *C. M.*

1 BLESSED is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain;—

2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,
A stranger's woe to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 116. *C. M.*

1 RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;
Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scattered here below,
In the fair, fertile fields above,
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 117. *III.* 3.

1 LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warmed thy faithful prophet's tongue,
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:—

4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure,
Thou the golden sheaf shalt bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scattered ears behind.

Chorus. These thy God ordains to bless
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive-plants, increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.
Chorus. These, &c.

6 When thy favoured vintage, flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,

Own the bounteous hand bestowing;
But thy vines the poor shall glean.
Chorus. These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care,
Screened by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.
Hallelujah. Amen.

TO BE USED AT SEA.

HYMN 118. *L. M.*

1 GOD of the seas, thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful, to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious power adored
Among the watery nations, Lord;
Yet men, who trace the dangerous waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves!

HYMN 119. *IV.* 5.

Matt. viii. 25.

"*Save, Lord, or we perish!*"

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

2 O Jesus, once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,

Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

3 And, O! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ransomed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer: "Save, Lord, or we perish!"

HYMN 120. *C. M.*

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

1 LORD, for the just thou dost provide;
Thou art their sure Defence:
Eternal Wisdom is their Guid ,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please:
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas.

4 When waves on waves, to heaven upreared,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appeared,
And sorrow in each heart;—

5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave:
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save.

6 Thou gav'st the word—the winds did cease,
The storms obeyed thy will,
The raging sea was hushed in peace,
And every wave was still.

7 For this my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

HYMN 121. *L. M.*

1 WHEN dangers, woes, or death, are nigh,
Passed mercies teach me where to fly:
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains invade.

2 To all the various helps of art
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an angel blessed the wave.

3 All medicines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee;
And not a plant, which spreads the plains,
But teems with health, when Heaven ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At Heaven's command, restored the blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poisoned dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found
To draw the shaft, and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?

Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs, and make me whole.

11 O! if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last, to thee.

HYMN 122. *C. M.*

On Recovery from Sickness.

1 WHEN we are raised from deep distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are opened wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death
Command them fast again.

3 When he but speaks the healing word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
"Thou, ever good and just;
"Thy power can rescue from the grave,
"Thy power is all my trust!"

6 He heard, and saved my soul from death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 123. *L. M.*

On the same.

1 MY God, since thou hast raised me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice;
Restored by thine almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, with pain oppressed,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save;

Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.

3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.

4 His anger is but short; his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay,
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.

5 Then, what I vowed in my distress,
In happier hours, I now will give,
And strive, that, in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blessed and undivided Three,
The one sole Giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

FUNERALS.

HYMN 124. *C. M.*

1 HEAR what the voice from heaven declares,
To those in Christ who die:—
"Released from all their earthly cares,
"They'll reign with him on high."

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends,
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardoned, we're secure;
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and power;
But Christ, our Ransom, died.

4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
When in the grave he lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised,
To everlasting day.

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our Life, we'll sing,—

"Where is thy victory, O grave?
"And where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 125. *C. M.*

1 WHEN those we love are snatched away,
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
That friendship must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impressed,
May this dread truth, "I, too, must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world allure no more,
Behold the opening tomb;
It bids us use the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey;
Nor be the faithful warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray.

5 O! let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126. *C. M.*

Death of a young Person.

1 HOW short the race our friend has run,
Cut down in all *his* bloom!
The course, but yesterday begun,
Now finished in the tomb!

2 Thou joyous youth, hence learn how soon
Thy years may end their flight:
Long, long before life's brilliant noon,
May come death's gloomy night.

3 To serve thy God, no longer wait;
To-day his voice regard;
To-morrow, mercy's open gate
May be for ever barred.

4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace,
Thy youthful love to gain—

The soul that early seeks my face
Shall never seek in vain.

HYMN 127. *L. M.*

Death of an Infant.

1 AS the sweet flower, that scents the morn,
But withers in the rising day,
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.

2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burned with wrong desires,
Had ever spurned at heaven's control,
Or ever quenched its sacred fires.

3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod :—
O ! mourner, such, the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God.

VIII. INVITATION AND WARNING.

HYMN 128. *III.* 1.

1 SINNERS, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you, why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live,
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands:
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn: why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you, why?
He who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die?

3 Sinners, turn: why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you, why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love,

Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O! ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die?

HYMN 129. *III.* 1.

1 HASTEN, sinner, to be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blessed;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. *II.* 3.

1 PEACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan
Hath taught each scene the note of wo;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow:
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain, and heal thy wound.

2 Come, freely come; by sin oppressed,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load;
In him thy Refuge find, thy Rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God:
Thy God's thy Saviour! glorious word!
O! hear, believe, and bless the Lord!

HYMN 131. *S. M.*

Rev. xxii. 17, 20.

1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come;

HYMN 132.

The Bride, the Church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children, Come.

2 Let him that heareth say,
To all about him, Come:
Let him that thirsts for righteousness
To Christ, the Fountain, come.

3 Yes, whosoever will,
O! let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come:
Lord, even so; I wait thy hour;
Jesus, my Saviour, come.

HYMN 132. *C. M.*

1 YE humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms;
'Tis here he makes his goodness known
In its diviner forms.

4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come;
'Tis here our hope relies;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee;
Their humble hope thou wilt reward
With bliss divinely free.

6 Great God, to thy almighty love,
What honours shall we raise?
Not all the angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

PRAYER.

HYMN 133. *C. M.*

1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea;
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.

4 Be thou my Shield and Hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

5 O! wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 134. *C. M.*

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death;—
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels, in their songs, rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are one;
They're one in word and mind;
When, with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.

7 O thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way,—
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

REPENTANCE.

HYMN 135. *L. M.*

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight;
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me, that I fall no more.

4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;

Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O! may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my Strength and Righteousness.

HYMN 136. *L. M.*

1 STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite;
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;—

3 Yet, O! the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High Priest;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 137. *L. M.*

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could, at last, submit
At Jesus' feet to lay it down!
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest, till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stained with hallowed blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would—but thou must give the power—
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near, the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 138. *C. M.*

Penitential Gratitude.

1 RISE, O my soul; the hours review,
When, awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here.

2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are fled,
Dispelled each bitter care;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.

3 Hear, then, O God; thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will
And to resist mine own.

4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore,
While heaven itself proclaims with joy—
"One pardoned sinner more!"

FAITH.

HYMN 139. *III. 2.*

1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eye-lids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

HYMN 140. *L. M.*

1 FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home;
Events long passed it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.

3 With strong persuasion, from afar,
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling seas,
O'ercome the world, keep down our fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.

5 By faith we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft distressed;
By faith, subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 141. *C. M.*

Rom. viii. 31—34.

1 O, LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and wo:
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?

2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give?

3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified:
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.

4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant, from the grave:
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 142. *C. M.*

Dead Faith.

1 DELUDED souls, that dream of heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!

2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.

3 The faith which new-creates the heart,
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.

4 God from the curse has set us free
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. *III.* 1.

Christ our Refuge.

1 JESUS, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is passed;
Safe into the haven guide;
O! receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is staid,
All my hope from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 144. *IV.* 4.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word!
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled,—

2 "Fear not; I am with thee; O! be not dismayed;
"I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
"I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
"Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
"The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow;
"For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
"And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
"My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
"The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
"Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "The soul that to Jesus hath fled for repose,
"I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
"That soul, though all hell shall endeavour to shake,
"I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

HOPE.

HYMN 145.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy destined place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, my soul, O! cease to mourn;
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies:
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 146. *III.* 1.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As we journey, let us sing;
Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banished once, by sin betrayed,
Christ our Advocate was made;
Pardoned now, no more we roam;
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. *C. M.*

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares, like a wild deluge, come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There, anchored safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

JOY.

HYMN 148. *C. M.*

1 JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;

HYMN 149.

All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,—
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind,
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,
O! thou, who art the Lord's,
Resign to those who know him not
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 149. *S. M.*

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and, before we rise,
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,

Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're travelling through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

LOVE.

HYMN 150. *III.* 3.

1 LORD, with glowing heart, I'd praise thee,
For the bliss thy love bestows,
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows:
Help, O God, my weak endeavour;
This dull soul to rapture raise:
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray,
Found thee, lost, and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away:
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 151. *III.* 1.

1 LORD, my God, I long to know,—
Oft it causes anxious thought,—
Do I love thee, Lord, or no?
Am I thine, or am I not?

2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,

Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O! how dark, and vain, and wild!
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?

4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?

5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?

6 Saviour, let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day.

PRAISE.

HYMN 152.

1 THE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confessed:
I bow, and bless the sacred name
For ever blessed.

2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power;
And him my only Portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 He by himself hath sworn,—
I on his oath depend,—
I shall, on angel wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:

I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our Righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And, "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
"Almighty King,
"Who was, and is, the same,
"And evermore shall be,
"Jehovah, Father, great I AM!
"We worship thee."

6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
They ever cry:
Hail, Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

HYMN 153. *IV.* 3.

Psalm c.

1 BE joyful in God, all ye lands of the earth;
O! serve him with gladness and fear;
Exult in his presence with music and mirth;
With love and devotion draw near.

2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah alone,
Creator and Ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.

3 O! enter his gates with thanksgiving and song;
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise, with melodious accordance, prolong,
And bless his adorable name.

4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 154. *L. M.*

Psalm c.

1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

HYMN 155. *III.* 1.

Songs of Praise.

1 *SONGS of praise* the angels sang,
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 *Songs of praise* awoke the morn,
When the Prince of peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away;
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth;
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and *songs of praise.*

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in *songs of praise* rejoice;
Learning, here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

CONTENTMENT.

HYMN 156. *C. M.*

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer, arise:—

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 157. *L. M.*

1 BE still, my heart; these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want, if he provide?
Or lose thy way, with such a Guide?

3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit,
He gave thee warrant, from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call?
And has he not his promise passed,
That thou shalt overcome at last?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

IN AFFLICTION.

HYMN 158. *C. M.*

1 HEAR, gracious God, my humble moan;
To thee I breathe my sighs;
When will the mournful night be gone?
When shall my joys arise?

2 Yet, though my soul in darkness mourns,
Thy promise is my stay;
Here would I rest till light returns;
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and, with celestial peace,
Relieve my aching heart;
O! smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep, complaining sighs,
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 159. *II. 3.*

Psalm xlii. 1—5.

1 AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe, and mock my fear;

And silent memory weeps alone,
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walked the happy round,
That circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swelled the choral lays,
That hymned my great Redeemer's praise,
What time the hallowed arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah! why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain—
Thy Strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy Hope, when joy has passed away.

HYMN 160. *II.* 3.

Hebrews, iv. 15.

A compassionate High Priest.

1 WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do,
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies,
Then he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When, sorrowing, o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while,
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou did'st weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 161. *L. M.*

Sanctified Affliction.

1 LORD, unafflicted, undismayed,
In pleasure's path how long I strayed!
But thou hast made me feel thy rod,
And turned my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting heart?
I blessed thy hand, that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal wo.

3 O! hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised,
And still the snare, in secret laid,
Had my unwary feet betrayed.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God;
They fix my hopes on thy abode,
Where, in thy presence fully blessed,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

DAILY DEVOTION.

HYMN 162. *II. 3.*

Daily Dependence.

1 WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When, to heaven's great and glorious King,
My morning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my Counsellor and Friend;
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When, on my bed, diseased, oppressed,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician, see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store;
O! keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blessed,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest;
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O! lead me onward to the skies.

8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face, and sing thy praise.

HYMN 163. *L. M.*

Psalm xvi. 9.

"I have set God always before me."

1 SAVIOUR, when night involves the skies,
My soul, adoring, turns to thee;

HYMN 164.

Thee, self-abased in mortal guise,
And wrapped in shades of death for me

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, Victor of the grave and hell;
Thee, Source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul, triumphant, springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze;
Thee, Lord of lords and King of kings

4 O'er earth when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give;
To death, whose power I soon must feel;
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 164. *L. M.*

Morning Hymn.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and, with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy misspent time that's passed;
Live, this day, as if 'twere thy last:
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear:
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who, all night long, unwearied, sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King.

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.

6 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will:
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 165. *L. M.*

Morning.

1 ARISE, my soul; with rapture rise;
And, filled with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies,
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power,
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly-flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to thee.

3 But can it be? that Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise;—

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 166. *C. M.*

Morning.

1 TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day, thy favouring hand be nigh,
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resigned, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this, and every future day,
Still wiser than the passed,
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 167. *III.* 1.

Morning.

1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light;
Banish doubt, and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is passed,
O! receive us, then, at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 168. *L. M.*

Evening Hymn.

1 GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may,
Triumphing, rise at the last day.

4 O! may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close,—
Sleep, that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply:
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O! when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine, with angels, sing,—
Glory to thee, eternal King!

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 169. *L. M.*

Evening.

1 GREAT GOD, to thee my evening song,
With humble gratitude, I raise:
O! let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days, unclouded as they pass,
And every onward-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,
Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove!

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

HYMN 170. *C. M.*

Evening.

1 NOW, from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free, than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our heart's desire.

HYMN 171. *S. M.*

Evening.

1 THE day is passed and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O! may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe, this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 172. *III.* 1.

Psalm cxli. 2.

1 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee.
Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.
Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity,
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. *IV.* 2.

Evening.

1 INSPIRER and Hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of thine,
My all to thy covenant care
I, sleeping or waking, resign

2 If thou art my Shield and my Sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound;
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN 174. *C. M.*

Renouncing the World.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As, by the light of opening day,
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is revealed.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice,
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
Yet worthless, still, myself I own;
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 175. *L. M.*

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,—
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner, far,
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! O! as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O! may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me!

HYMN 176. *S. M.*

Prayer for Christian Graces.

1 JESUS, my Strength, my Hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down, and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up, and sustain,
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less:
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray, I want,
Out of the deep on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name;
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word;
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 177. *III. 3.*

Prayer for Guidance.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim, through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountains,
Whence the living waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 Feed me with the heavenly manna,
In this barren wilderness;
Be my Sword, and Shield, and Banner;
Be the *Lord my righteousness.*

4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 178. *L. M.*

Following the Example of Christ.

1 WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright Pattern of the Christian life.

2 O! how benevolent and kind!
How mild! how ready to forgive!
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.

3 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone, through his life, divinely bright.

4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love;
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.

5 But, ah! how blind, how weak we are!
How frail, how apt to turn aside!
Lord, we depend upon thy care;
We ask thy Spirit for our Guide.

6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 179. *S. M.*

Duties.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky;—

2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil:
O! may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, O! thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 180. *C. M.*

Phil. iii. 13, 14.

"*Forgetting those things which are behind,*" *&c.*

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

HYMN 181. *C. M.*

Doubting.

1 THE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart, or no?

2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain,
To find I cannot feel.

3 My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.

4 I see thy saints with comfort filled,
When in thy house of prayer;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.

5 O! make this heart rejoice or ache;
Decide this doubt for me:

And, if it be not broken, break;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182. *C. M.*

Desires after renewed Holiness.

1 O FOR a closer walk with God!
A calm and heavenly frame!
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I feel an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove; return,
Sweet Messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God;
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 183. *III.* 1.

Trials.

1 'TIS my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But, with humble faith, to see
Love inscribed upon them all—
This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
No chastisement by the way,
Might I not with reason fear
I should be a cast-away?

4 Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to prayer,
Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 184. *C. M.*

Habitual Devotion.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 185.

Walking with God.

1 SINCE I've known a Saviour's name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke.

HYMN 186.

Joyful now my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
All the work I do below
Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly;
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;
Here I find an house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O! that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to thee;
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works, prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thee face to face.

HYMN 186. *L. M.*

Heaven seen by Faith.

1 AS, when the weary traveller gains
The height of some commanding hill,
His heart revives, if, o'er the plains,
He sees his home, though distant still;—

2 So, when the Christian pilgrim views,
By faith, his mansion in the skies,
The sight his fainting strength renews,
And wings his speed to reach the prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers;
No more he grieves for sorrows passed;
Nor any future conflict fears,
So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
To lead us on to thine abode;
Assured thy love will far o'erpay
The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. *IV.* 4.

Job, vii. 16.

"*I would not live alway.*"

1 I WOULD not live alway: I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way:
The few lurid mornings, that dawn on us here,
Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin;
Temptation without, and corruption within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.

3 I would not live alway: no; welcome the tomb:
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph, descending the skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;—

5 Where the saints, of all ages, in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transported, to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

XI. DEATH.

HYMN 188. *C. M.*

Job, xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.

1 FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art;
"To dust thou shalt return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;

The numbered hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

4 Great God, afflict not, in thy wrath,
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 189. *C. M.*

1 HARK! from the tombs a mournful sound;
Mine ears attend the cry;
"Ye living men, come view the ground,
"Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your towers;
"The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
"Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God, is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening grace,
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

HYMN 190. *S. M.*

Job, xiv. 11—14.

1 THE mighty flood, that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light;—

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until the eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O! may I find, in death,
A hiding-place with God,

Secure from woe and sin, till called
To share his blessed abode.

5 Cheered by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

HYMN 191.

1 VITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, O! quit, this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O! the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away."
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes; it disappears;
Heaven opens on my eyes; my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings; I mount, I fly;
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting?

XII. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 192. *C. M.*

1 WHEN, rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O! how shall I appear?

2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,—

3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
In majesty severe,

And sit in judgment on my soul,
O! how shall I appear!

4 But thou hast told the troubled mind,
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless woe prevent.

5 Then never shall my soul despair,
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. *S. M.*

1 AND will the Judge descend?
And must the dead arise?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes?

2 And, from his righteous lips,
Shall this dread sentence sound,
And, through the numerous, guilty throng,
Spread black despair around?—

3 "Depart from me, accursed,
"To everlasting flame,
"For rebel angels first prepared,
"Where mercy never came."

4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before his face,
Astonished, shrink away?

5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 194. *II.* 7.

1 GREAT GOD, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds; the graves restore
The dead, which they contained before:
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is passed and gone;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

4 Great God, what do I see and hear!
The end of things created!
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 195. *III.* 1.

St. Luke, xiii. 24—27.

1 SEEK, my soul, the narrow gate;
Enter, ere it be too late;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.

2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies:
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, "I know you not."

3 Mournfully will they exclaim,
"Lord, we have professed thy name;

"We have eat with thee, and heard
"Heavenly teaching in thy word."

4 Vain, alas! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity;
Sad their everlasting lot;
Christ will say, "I know you not!"

XIII. ETERNITY.

HYMN 196. *S. M.*

1 O WHERE shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss, for which we sigh:
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years—
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath:
O! what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

HYMN 197. *C. M.*

2 Cor. iv. 18.

1 HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts and eyes,
Regardless of immortal joys,
And strangers to the skies!

2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight;
And quickly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.

HYMN 198.

3 Their brightest day, alas! how vain,
With conscious sighs we own;
While clouds of sorrow, care and pain,
O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O! could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!

5 There joys, unseen by mortal eye,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever-blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent wishes rise
To those bright scenes, where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 198. *C. M.*

1 COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart;
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow, and pain, and every care,
And discord, there shall cease;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul, from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more;
But, clothed in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on a throne, (how dazzling bright!)
The exalted Saviour shines;
And beams ineffable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 199. *C. M.*

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So, to the Jews, fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross the narrow sea;
And linger, trembling, on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With faith's illumined eyes!—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's streams, not death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 200. *C. M.*

1 SHOULD Nature's charms, to please the eye,
In sweet assemblage join,
All Nature's charms would droop and die,
Jesus, compared with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams displayed,
And vain her blooming store;
Her brightness languishes to shade,
Her beauty is no more.

3 But, ah! how far from mortal sight
The Lord of glory dwells!

A veil of interposing night
His radiant face conceals.

4 O! could my longing spirit rise,
On strong, immortal wing,
And reach thy palace in the skies,
My Saviour and my King!

5 There thousands worship at thy feet,
And there—divine employ!—
The triumphs of thy love repeat,
In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
O'er all the blissful place;
Who would not drop this load of clay,
And die to see thy face?

HYMN 201. *III.* 1.

Rev. vii. 9, &c.

1 WHO are these in bright array?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
"Blessing, honour, glory, power,
"Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
"New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod;
These from great affliction came;
Now before the throne of God,
Sealed with his eternal name:
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Them the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead:
Joy and gladness banish sighs;
Perfect love dispels their fears;
And for ever, from their eyes,
God shall wipe away their tears.

XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 202. *C. M.*

Genesis, xxviii. 20, 21.

1 GOD of our fathers, by whose hand
Thy people still are blessed,
Be with us through our pilgrimage,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us, each day, our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O! spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode,
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings, from thy gracious hand,
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God
And Portion evermore.

HYMN 203. *III.* 3.

1 Chronicles, xxix. 10—13.

1 BLESSED be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord;
Blessed thy majesty for ever;
Ever be thy name adored.

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and greatness;
Glory, victory, are thine own;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee; and honour,
Power and might to thee belong;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God, for these thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise;
To thy name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise.

HYMN 204. *C. M.*

Proverbs, iii. 13—17.

1 O, HAPPY is the man, who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
More precious are her bright rewards,
Than gems, or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 205. *L. M.*

Isaiah, xl. 6—8.

1 THE morning flowers display their sweets,
And gay their silken leaves unfold;
As careless of the noon-day heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipped by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parched by the sun's more fervent ray,
The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away.

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows;
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.

4 But, worn by slowly-rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new-rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains:
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 206. *C. M.*

Isaiah, xl. 27—31.

1 WHY mournest thou, my anxious soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlooked thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief?

2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of him,
Who made the earth and sky?

3 Art thou afraid his power will fail,
In sorrow's evil day?
Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary, or decay?

4 Supreme in wisdom as in power,
The Rock of ages stands;
Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage, in the evil hour,
His heavenly aids impart.

6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease;
But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

7 They with unwearied step shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagles' wings they mount, they soar
On wings of faith and love,
Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 207. *C. M.*

Isaiah, lvii. 15.

1 THUS speaks the high and lofty One:—
My throne is fixed on high;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky;—

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallowed cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'Tis my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded heart,
The sad in spirit cheers;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints,
While they on earth remain;
And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 208. *II.* 1.

Habakkuk, iii. 17—19.

1 ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig-tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend, rejoicing, to his rod,
And by his grace be healed.

2 Though fields, in verdure once arrayed,
By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parched by scorching beam;
Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famished o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall;
My soul above the wreck shall rise;
Its better joys are in the skies;
There, God is all in all.

4 In God my Strength, howe'er distressed,
I yet will hope, and calmly rest,

Nay, triumph, in his love;
My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes, and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HYMN 209. *C. M.*

St. John, xiv. 6.

1 THOU art the Way; to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he, who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth; thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those, who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 210. *S. M.*

Philippians, ii. 12, 13.

1 HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O! let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts,
With might before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

HYMN 211. *III.* 1.

Ephesians, v. 14—17.

1 SINNER, rouse thee from thy sleep;
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep;

Raise thy spirit, dark and dead;
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death;
See the bright and living path;
Watchful tread that path; be wise;
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime;
From this hour redeem thy time;
Life secure without delay;
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still;
Called of Jesus, learn his will;
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 212. *C. M.*

Hebrews, xii. 1, 2.

1 LO! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around;
Men once, like us, with suffering tried,
But now with glory crowned.

2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race;
And, freed from every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a Witness, nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,—
Jesus, the Author, Finisher,
Rewarder of our faith.

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand,
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

XV. GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. The metre marks, affixed to the preceding Hymns, have reference to a division of the metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four classes, marked—I. II. III. IV.

Class I. includes common, long, and short metres, marked—C. M., L. M., S. M.

Class II. includes the other iambic metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c., which may be named—*Two, one; Two, two; Two, three*, &c.

Class III. includes the trochaic metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c., which may be named—*Three, one; Three, two*, &c.

Class IV. includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number, marked—IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c., and may be named—*Four, one, Four two*, &c.

CLASS I.

C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages passed,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
  And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages passed,
As now it is, and so shall last
  When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
  And Spirit, ever blessed,
Eternal Three in One,
  All worship be addressed;
    As heretofore
      It was, is now,
      And shall be so
    For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
  And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
  And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
  To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
  Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit blessed,
  Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
Eternal Three in One confessed,
  Be highest glory given,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore,
  By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth and all in heaven,
Be everlasting glory given,
  To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit; equal Three
In undivided Unity,
  Ere time had yet its course begun:
As was, and is, be highest praise,
As still shall be through endless days.

CLASS III.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Glory, as of old, to thee,
Now, and evermore shall be.

III. 2.

Praise the name of God most high,
Praise him all below the sky,
Praise him all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
As through countless ages passed,
Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
  Praise the Son, the Spirit praise;
As it was, and is, be given
  Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
  To the Saviour, Christ, his Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
  Everlasting Three in One;
As of old, the Trinity
Still is worshipped, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah, we adore thee,
  God the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, joined in glory
  On the same eternal throne;
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  To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

By angels in heaven,
  Of every degree,
And saints upon earth,
  All praise be addressed
To God in three persons,
  One God ever blessed,
As it has been, now is,
  And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
  And Spirit, thrice holy and blessed,
The eternal, supreme Three in One,
  Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
  All praise to the Spirit, thrice blessed,
The holy, eternal, supreme Three in One,
  Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

GLORIA PATRI.

IV. 4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God ever blessed,
All glory and worship from earth and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be given,
The Son, and the Spirit, from earth and from heaven;
As was, and is now, be supreme adoration,
And ever shall be, to the God of salvation.

For Hymns 145 *and* 185.

To the Father, to the Son,
  And Spirit ever blessed,
Everlasting Three in One,
  All worship be addressed:
Praise from all above, below,
  As throughout the ages passed,
Now is given, and shall be so
  While endless ages last.

When used to Hymn 185, *in line* 6, *read,*

As was throughout the ages passed.

Come, let us adore him; come, bow at his feet;
O! give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

¶ Whenever the Hymns are used at the celebration of divine service, a certain portion or portions of the Psalms of David, in metre, shall also be sung.

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